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BEAT FERRIS

PURPLE & WHITE

SUPPORT YOUR TEAM

Vol 13 ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, WINDSOR, ONT., OCTOBER, 1938 No. 1

Varsity Gridders In Home Debut Tonight at 8.15

Ancient Enemy, Two Bands and Frolic to Mark 1938 Inaugural

In what promises to be the most colorful and enthusiastic home-coming ever staged, the Assumption grid machine will go on display tonight at 8:15 when the Purple and White Stalwarts meet their arch foes, Ferris Institute.

To add fuel to the already history-making spirit of this year's student body, Fr. Donlon, our new director of athletics, has secured the services of the 50-piece band from Catholic Central High School in Detroit, which will collaborate with our own newly-organized college band to supply the glamour of music. Between the halves the Catholic Central musicians will strut through their clever drill formations.

To further assure that the football home-coming will be a history making display of Assumption's spirit and unity, the Windsor Alumni have promised their whole-hearted support. To lend further assistance in making the night a success, the Alumni association has arranged a football frolic at the K. of C. club rooms following the battle. All students are invited to attend.

Now for a few words on the football team which has made this night possible. It seems to be the general opinion from both the alumni and members of the college staff this year's football machine is the gamest gang to carry the Purple and White banners in many a fall. We of the sporting staff and several others saw our boys outfight and outwit a heavier and more experienced Adrian eleven to chalk up their first victory of the season. We also witnessed their never-say-die spirit in their St. Mary's defeat. We can assure you that they will make you proud of them, and that they deserve the support of the student body to the last man.

The newly appointed coach, Joe Connelly, has all the boys in top shape and is quite confident of a Varsity victory. Our club will probably face the opening whistle with Wagnoer and Meagher at ends, Chaplin and Flynn at the tackles, Sasso and Cronin holding the guard posts, Santay at center, Westfall at quarter, Yahn and Hoover at halves ,and Newman at full. Malone, Benson, Onorato, Marchand, Durocher, Hastings, Hickey, Reaume, Ray, Malloy, McDonald, Powers, Perfect, Tighe, and Dugan will supply the reserve strength.

A WORD OF ADVICE FROM FATHER MacDONALD

REV. T. A. MacDONALD, C.S.B., President Assumption College.

IN bidding welcome to the students of Assumption College, I should like to advise them to study closely the school motto — "Teach me Goodness, Discipline and Knowledge."

The student should first learn Goodness; for without virtue the greatest of talents cannot make him a worthy student or a worthy citizen later on. He should also be taught Discipline; because our vaunted freedom must ever fail where it is not tempered with respect for authority. Finally, it is evident that unless true Christian Knowledge is there to show the right road, the mind easily may be misguided by the false prophets of today.

If the touch of religion is felt in all our activities, that is as it should be. The problems of our age, as of every age, have spiritual roots. Their only remedy lies in the application of spiritual remedies.

JACQUES MARITAIN
Lectures in the
"Christian Culture Series"
November 16, 17, 18.

Lay Plans For New Dramatic Society

"Journey's End" and "Everyman" for Early Production

Mr. Laughlin Campbell has announced plans for fresh ventures into the field of drama during the coming year. The program which has been prepared is as yet purely tentative, but Mr. Campbell hopes to put it into action in the very near future.

Present plans include, first of all, a production of "Journey's End," the famous war play. If this meets with success, it is thought that a performance of "Everyman," the medieval work which every college man has encountered at one time or another, will be next. This will be followed in the spring by an as yet unnamed light comedy.

(Continud on Page 8)

Student Council Extends Welcome To Old and New

Officers Want Interest and Action on Part of Student Body

Well, boys, here we are at the beginning of a new school year. The Students Council extends to you a most hearty welcome, and sincere wishes for a successful year. May Assumption be to the new men what it has been to those who have spent previous years within its hallowed walls — a guiding light and source of inspiration spurring them on to greater heights.

This year we have a fine group of freshmen whose number indicates that a Catholic education is looked upon as the essential background for the solution of the economic and political strife which exists throughout the world today.

However, returning to a lighter vein, let us all enter wholeheartedly, not only into the spiritual and academic aspects of college life, but also into the numerous extra curricular activities which Assumption College has always offered to its students — lectures in the Christian Culture Series, the Catholic Action Club, St. Basil's Literary Society, dramatics, sports and social events. Let us make Assumption not only a fountain of higher learning but a source of pleasant memories through participation in every available form of student activity.

What is needed, however, is not a lengthy disputation on our part, but action on your part. What should be instilled in the heart of every college man is the spirit of co-operation for the best interests of his Alma Mater. Let each and everyone of us show the spirit of a true son of Assumption. Let us get things moving — let us co-operate to make this year an unforgettable one.

—H.M.

PURPLE & WHITE

Published by the students of Assumption College, Windsor, Ontario.

Editor in Chief—John Philp.

Managing Editor—John Riordan.

Sports Editor—Ade. Hanna.

Lit. Editors—S. Bull, J. Hartford.

Associate Editors—Tom Marinis, H. Maier, F. Murphy, M. Hussey, R. Farrell, Carl Grassi.

Business Manager—N. Godo.

OUR ANNUAL BOW

THE STAFF of the Purple and White joins in greeting the new students who wore their pots with such dignity during Freshman week. The class of '44 displays not only an impressive quantity, but also an encouraging amount of quality. Almost to a man, they bore the indignities and impositions of the first few weeks with unbowed heads and courageous smiles. If the same amount of fortitude and cheerfulness is shown in all school activities, Assumption may well expect great things in the future.

Welcome back, also, to all the veterans of former years. To the Seniors, who are rapidly becoming accustomed to their new roles of college leaders. To the Juniors, who now serve their apprenticeship in preparation for next year. To the Sophomores, who now should live up only to that part of their class title which denotes wisdom. This is apparently to be the year of the Assumption Renaissance, and all classes should be most anxious to take part.

That last sentence should be the keynote for this year's activities. Now that the dire and dreadful deeds of Freshman Week are ended, let us all join in furthering school activities. A reviving of school spirit is sweeping Assumption. Let's all join in and make this the greatest year in our school's history.

THANKS

THE editor-in-chief wishes to express his gratitude to the other members of the new staff for their co-operation in turning out this first issue. The fellows were all rather pressed for time, and for a while it seemed that the paper would never take form. However, all the fellows pitched in and we managed to complete the job.

Thanks, also, to Father Murphy for his invaluable advice and assistance. The faculty adviser has about 1001 other tasks to perform besides this one, and his ability to accomplish them all exceeds comprehension.

CO-OPERATION PLEASE

IN THE NEAR future, notices will doubtless be found posted about the school informing one and all of the opening meeting of the Literary Society. If Assumption students respond with the alacrity and enthusiasm of the past few years, we may anticipate an attendance of from twenty to thirty mildly interested individuals scattered about one of the study halls. If the program promises to be particularly entertaining, we may even find from forty to sixty young intellectuals on hand.

Seriously speaking, though, we believe that support of this society could be much improved. As a matter of fact, we can scarcely conceive of it becoming much worse. A stage of affairs has been reached where election as president of the organization has become the equivalent of a life sentence to Devil's Island. When Don Carson received the glad tidings of his elevation to that office last May, his joy and eagerness resembled that of a man who has a tryst with the guillotine.

Frankly, we can see no reason for this appalling lack of co-operation. We have always found the Literary meetings most entertaining and educational. Not only that, but they give students, both day scholars and boarders, an opportunity to fraternize which is difficult during the crowded daylight hours. We particularly want to impress this message upon the Freshmen before they come to the conclusion that only a very dull organization could attract such meager support. The Literary Society can become a really important extra-curricular activity. Its only need is your whole-hearted support.

MR. H. WHORLOW BULL

THE PURPLE AND WHITE, on behalf of the entire faculty and student body, wishes to express sincere sympathy to Stuart Bull on the untimely death of his father, Mr. H. Whorlow Bull. The elder Mr. Bull has long been known as the protagonist of musical appreciation among Windsor citizens, especially among school children. He was for about fifteen years director of the Border Scottish Choir, which is without doubt Windsor's finest musical organization.

The excellent work which Mr. Bull has accomplished can never be forgotten while the love of good music continues to thrive in the hearts of Windsor's men and women.

ON POTS ON FRESHMEN

THE OTHER day we noticed a sad thing happening. A freshman, to all outward appearances normal and intelligent, was very vehemently propounding the startlingly new thesis to a group of upperclassmen that "pots" are not logical. A typical freshman in every way, as you may gather. He was the serious type of fellow who probably graduated from high school with flying colours, and was, no doubt, the pride and joy of his momma and poppa. A very typical freshman. A too, too, typical serious, brilliant, know-all freshman who knew just what the world needs and what it doesn't need. And "pots" are one thing it doesn't need. A **man** looks **silly** in a pot! Oh newfound truth! "You can maltreat me physically, you brutal sophomores, but you can't break me spiritually. I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul." Oh, poor benighted freshman! Pots not logical! Why boy; why youth; why stripling,—pots are the most logical thing on earth. What? They don't even fit? They weren't meant to. They make you look silly? That's why they're so logical. You need to be made to look silly; to be humiliated; to have your pride punctured. You need to know that in the whole wide world there is much that is illogical, year, that nearly everything is cock-eyed, and that one of the least illogical of all things is the pot. It maketh a man to know his place. It exalteth him not. It brings him down to the cold, bare earth where the first rung of the ladder of education is, and it says to him, "you are only beginning." It shows him that when his day of graduation has come and he goes out into the world, he will be led to the lowest rung, although his academic record has led him to expect the highest, and he will be told again, "You are only beginning." It holdeth out to him many great truths, not the least among which is one which calmly says, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; and he that exalteth himself shall be humbled.—J. H.

OUR FUTURE PLANS

WE WISH to take this opportunity to announce that we plan new features for our next issue. First of all, we hope to conduct a Personal Opinion column. So if one of our staff approaches you and asks some apparently irrelevant question, please do not sneer and turn away, but give us your ideas on whatever subject is under discussion.

Another new column on our program is a column on music. We feel that there are enough lovers of music, swing, sweet, or classical, among the students to make this an interesting part of the paper.

These plans are dependent, in the last resort, upon the interest and co-operation of the students. Please give us your support.

Senator Wheeler says that President Roosevelt is all through. We wonder what fellows like Bert are going to do without F. D. R.'s famous coat-tails.

Jordan: "What's the matter with Sully Dunn? He's so thin and emaciated."

Greenan: "Poor fellow! He's reduced to living on his wits!"

Happiness is from within. Some seek happiness in change without success. They are right in seeking change, only the change should be in themselves.

School days are preparation, not only for temporal life, but for Eternal Life; hence, the irreligious are bound to find too much religion here.

CHATTERWRACK

It seems good to be back in circulation once more—studying(?). Rising with the crack of the bell every morning — Watching our huskies perform on the gridiron — The nip and tuck battle between the Sophmores and the Frosh — The re-birth of school spirit under Father Donlon's capable guidance. It sure does seem like old times again.

Herm Maier, our S.C. Pres., wasted no time in getting the College men organized. The "box-social" took care of this little matter — old acquaintances renewed, new one formed. All Art's boarders are encouraged to use their clubroom — Tuck Monahan announces bridge and checker tournaments in the near future.

Wonder whether Liddy Amering and Engles enjoyed their bath in the Detroit River? The current questions we want answered: Is the picture on Lou Gasser's desk really of him? Where did Hoover get the name Gabby?

Missing: One pair of pants — see Jack Keenan — reward.

La Donnis Malloy believes in the one and only now. Is he really thinking of settling down? We hope Red Benson doesn't get his signals mixed up on the gridiron as he does his telephone numbers. Past dances have had rows during and after them, but the current one created a row beforehand. It all goes back to the box-social. "Tucker" claims that he discovered her; Hastings' dancing hypnotized her. John Daily is on schedule for visiting rooms on the Philosophers' Flat. Who was the first to welcome Santy and Yahn back? By the way, Santy missed connections on his first journed home. "Muggsy" Malone is as particular about his dates as he is about World Series games. A second Louis Vivatini arrived in the person of Louis Ornato. Louis holds the record for taking the oldest girl out — age fifty-three.—WILF HUSSEY and TOM MARINIS.

Prof: "Where's your brother today?"

Bill Hickey: "He's ill in bed, sir."

Prof: "Why, what's the matter?"

B. H.: "We tried to see who could lean farthest out the window, and he won.

FAIR EXCHANGE

(From the Xaverian Weekly, Antigonish, N.S.)

ONE MAN CAN DO IT

The more power a man obtains, the greater is his desire for added powers and the easier it is for him to use his present strength to attain his desired end. When peaceful and diplomatic negotiations fail him, the baser side of the designing man comes to the foreground and the result is war. War — how insignificant the word is in itself, but how full of meaning it has been to countless thousands of people during the last quarter century; and how close the world has just come to throwing itself headlong into what would probably have been the most devastating of all wars—the war which might have ended in annihilation. To what end is our supposedly civilized human race destined when even those present day leaders who participated in the last Great War will so much as consider the possibility of another to determine the "manner" in which certain proceedings must take place?

Since the beginning of human history we have had war in one form or another. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Nelson, Wolfe and countless others, are names which we associate with conquest and war. But never before has the concept of war had the horrible meaning it holds today. Not even in 1918 had they attained the deadly perfection which exists today. Never have the very minds of men been so strictly martialled as from present day use of the radio and press. Never have the nations of the world been so inter-dependent as today. Never before was the declaration of war so universally awaited with horror and despair.

But war has been averted. A strange quiet has covered the earth. The radio and press have returned to their ordinary routines. Interrupted business is again assuming normal proportions. Fond mothers are silently rejoicing for the well-being of their sons—and well might we join them in lifting our grateful hearts to our Divine Guardian on the Day of Thanksgiving which is soon to come.

The Catholic Press can and does print facts that are deleated from the kept Press.

—V. Burke.

(From the St. Bona Venture.)

THE NAZI PRIMER

An intellectual curiosity is the Nazi Primer, the official handbook for the schooling of the Hitler youth. This organization has swallowed up nearly all German youth organizations and includes seven out of nine million German youths of eligible age. Through this instrument the virus of racism is inoculated into the veins of young Germans.

The Primer divides the German people into seven distinct races: the Nordic race, the the Eastern race, the East Baltic race. Each race is described in detail. Each race is compared with every other in size of body, breadth of shoulders, size and shape of skull. In one place Der Fuehrer lays special emphasis on the difference between the Nordic race and the Western race in the matter of texture of the hair. The Western race is described as having hair which is "fine," "dark," "smooth," "oily" and "curly." The eyes vary from brown to dark brown. However, any apparent superiority is discounted in the next paragraph of the Primer. The Western race is said to lack creative power, to grow old quicker, and to be inferior in the realm of mind and soul. And so on ad nauseam.

A good scientist pedigrees dogs, cows and guinea pigs. But how about men? "Pigs is pigs" and all that, but enough is enough. We cannot pedigree the soul—the beauty of which gives man a dignity and imperishable value which transcends all differences in color of skin and length of limbs. To ignore this truth is to bring to the Faith the terrible curse of sterility, of which the Holy Father warned. But if we are going to start issuing dog licenses to all mankind, to be consistent we should begin with Der Feuhrer. We should put on his tag that he eats no meat, that he is a thoroughbred Aryan — therefore biologically superior — and likes dog biscuits.

If I dared go as far as the Pope, I am sure that I would be run out of the country as a Communist, or some terrible "radical."—John L. Lewis.

JUST FROSH

"With Malice Toward Some"—

"Je ne sais quoi!" exclaimed the bewildered Frenchman as he examined the notice which was tacked on the bulletin board. "All Freshmen are towear pots," the notice explained in a business like manner. The preposition "to" and the verb "wear" appeared as one word inasmuch as a hyphen was omitted. "What kind word—towear?" he muttered to himself as he scanned his French - English dictionary. After having decided that "towear" was either a foreign term or else a slang word, he proceeded to determine the significance of the remaining four words in the statement. Mutterings . . . brisk turning of pages . . . vigorous scratching of the head . . . more mutterings, and suddenly a violent shriek, "Voila!" Ohl frashman are toware pots!" More mutterings; then the perturbed translator walked on, wondering what on earth a "toware pot" was, and why all freshmen should be called such a strange name. Upon discovering that the upperclassmen were responsible for this name-calling episode, he now shuns them, and when they dare to speak to him he utters a disgusted "allez vous en!"

By the way, who "fixed" the blue room door? The recent "fixing," which was convenient as well as enjoyable to some, necessitated the removal of the entire lock . . . Upon entering the ivy-colored walls of Assumption we were informed that college is not a loaf made out of the "old man's" dough.

Notes on Freshman Week

According to the meteorologists and most sane people in the land, this is the season of autumn when the leaves begin to fall, and the gay nymphs of summer scurry for shelter as the last warm zephyrs gently wane. However, seasons mean apparently nothing to the freshmen and sophomores, who, in "friendly" rivalry, held a splash party in the Detroit River a few nights ago. The second year men did not exactly relish the idea of going swimming, but, being a sociable lot, joined the water-minded freshmen "without coercion." In spite of this extreme sociability, two of the disciples of Neptune emerged with severe cases of Bicuspid severius coninitus (sore jaw, in

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Curtain Rises On Gala Season of Band Music

New Organization Gets Away to Flying Start; Lots of New Talent

Amidst a glare of glory together with the turbulent blare of trumpets, the Assumption Band vigourously began the new season on Friday, October 7th, at the senior high school game with Kennedy Collegiate. The band made its debut auspiciously enough and already these disciples of Orpheus are seeking new laurels to crown their gallant heads, for on October 21 they will vie for honours with the far-famed Catholic Central band from Detroit. The great event will take place at Kennedy Collegiate where Assumption intends to wage another of its gridiron battles. Shiny new instruments, white sweaters trimmed in the traditional purple, colourful new caps and capes will garb the band members in regal splendour. Complete uniforms will be had on November 12.

Another note that tends to prove the fact that our band is "going places" is the furnishing of a large and airy practise room in the old wing of the college building. Numerous chairs and music stands have been installed and new cupboards to house the various instruments have been erected. It was through the efforts of Father Harrison that this room has been made possible.

We have been indeed fortunate in obtaining talent for included on the musical roster are such luminaries as Paul Barrett (trumpet) from Jamestown, N.Y. High School band, who, as we recall, were national winners in the state contest conducted last year; Ed. Seewald (clarinet), University of Missouri band, and Damien Viau (sousaphone), Montreal Notre Dame College band. Other members, too, have had experience as many have played in high school and college groups throughout Ontario and Michigan, while some are veteran Assumption "horn tooters."

What with this talent and extensive facilities as well as the acquisition of Professor Sabia, director de-luxe, there is no reason why Assumption should not achieve the ultimate in success. However this transitory good luck is not enough.

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QUILL DROPS

Hello folks! Here we are all set to give you the low down of the highlights of college life. If all this does not make sense to you think of us kindly.

We're off. Just 65 more days to Christmas. 11 more days to the next holiday. 12 more days to the opening of this year's Annual Retreat which will begin this year at 8 P.M. on the evening of November 2nd . . . . . .

A few gentlemen amongst the upper classmen are real "Poor Men." Messrs. Hanna and Jerry Livingston winning the various World Series spoils in the short but swift series which took place recently . . . .

For the benefit of the newcomers to college, may we inform you that there is such a society at Assumption as the Blessed Virgin Sodality, that the Sodality meets for Benediction every Wednesday morning at 10.30 in the College chapel. Every Catholic student should be a member of this Sodality . . . . . .

A tribute to the new Librarian, who in the absence of Mr. J. Laughlin, is doing fine work. Mr. J. Hartford, a former Alumnus of Assumption, is now the Librarian. Here's to your success, Jerry, and may you have the cooperation of all students in University to make your job all the more pleasant . . . . . .

While we are passing out the "Bouquets" may the Freshmen dof their pots to the hard working coach of the College football team, Mr. Joe Connelly. If it is possible to bring home a winner we hope that it will be on Joe's bandwagon . . .

Mr. "Ade" Hanna is a big "Aid" to the new college football coach besides, also looking after the news write-ups for the Windsor Daily Star . . . . . .

"Pep Rallies" are the vogue at Assumption this year. The athletic department plans to have them every week. Here is a suggestion that should be followed by all students, both Boarder and Day Scholars: "If you don't play for any team, the least you can do is to support the team whole-heartedly.

The "Band" situation at Assumption this year has come a long way. Under the direction of Professor Sabia the school now has a band that they can be proud of, and as each day rolls around there is a marked improvement in its performance . . . . . .

The new Students' Council is attempting to do its best for the sake of the students. If you have any pet peeves, grouches, etc., kindly make them known to the Council and don't go say that you can't have some way of solving them. Mr. Herman Maier, the president of the Council, and his executives are open for suggestions . . . . . .

FRESHMEN NOTES — Some people who come to college are of the independent type. We like to see this, but all things have their proper place. Nevertheless, the Freshmen Class this year, besides being one of the biggest in the history of the College, are a great bunch judging from the spirit viewed during Freshmen Week . . . The Freshmen Dance sponsored by the Friars' Club was one good method of mixing and acquainting the students in the college department. If there are no more dances this year you can directly attribute it to the way this dance was patronized by the students.

AS WE SEE IT—The new method of having a club-room executive under the leadership of Mr. F. Chauvin has proved a success up to the present time. Please give the steward all your co-operation . . . Mr. Ralph Blackmore is not bothered this year, at least so far, by Marina, the demon Star Reporter . . . Mr. J. McKenty, the renowned Chathamite, had a very hectic Thanksgiving week-end judging from after effects of that holiday . . . Muggsy Malone has some good friends, especially as we could see at the St. Mary's game . . . Jack Keenan is a good representative of the Boarder Freshmen Class. He's a real sport

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Compliments of
Josephine A. Smith
ARTONA
STUDIOS
99 Pitt St. West
WINDSOR, ONT.

Freshman Dance A Big Success

Friars' Club Sponsor for Enjoyable Event

Assumption's first Freshman dance, held last Friday night, was an evident success. A majority of the first year class, as well as a vast throng of upperclassmen, was in attendance. The feature of the evening was a rendition of the school song, "Purple and White," by the Freshmen en masse. Despite the fact that several newcomers had had but little time to learn the song's words, the boys carried out their part well. The music was supplied by the orchestra of Lary Bensette, one of last year's graduates. Several other former Assumptionites are included in the band's membership. At various points in the evening's entertainment, Larry introduced these "old boys" to the "new boys" in whose honor the dance was given.

The Friars' Club is to be congratulated for the excellent manner in which the band was arranged in so short a space of time. Prospects appear favorable for a football frolic at the close of the football season. At the time of writing, we are unaware that any definite plans have been formulated.

Side-lights of the dance . . . Ralph Blackmore vainly trying to keep "Bobby" L'Heureux away from the "mike" . . . Benny Laker displaying some nice shage steps with Helen Bezaire . . . Vin. Janisse and "Snub" Pollard stepping out among their former classmates . . . "Muggsy" Malone snitching freshman "pots" right and left . . . Don Carson dashing hither and thither in search of heaven-knows-what.

No one has a right to despise the rich until like our blessed Lord he has proved he is free from the passion of wealth."—F. J. Sheen.

Compliments of
VANITY
Theatre

BRASS TACKS

THE appearance of the local scene of two dissenting Freshmen offers an interesting study in contrasts. In Exhibit A we have the Conscientious Objector type. Conformity to the rules of Freshman Week, the obedience to all reasonable demands of the Upper Classmen characterize this type. But the obedience stops at a certain point, apparently, and while we admit some justification for the refusal of this freshman to obey certain commands, yet we can only view as foolhardy his attempt to offer physical resistance.

In Exhibit B we have not only a horse of another color, but also an ungulate of a distinct and ill-famed species. This Freshman is a nonconformist. Not only does he refuse to wear the traditional Pot, but he also defends his position at great length and with impregnable logic, in the best Thomistic tradition. To date Exhibit B has avoided the necessity of defending his views with anything more than a quick mind and a ready tongue.

It is interesting to note that to date Might has been subdued, whereas Right (or reason) has triumphed. Only tentatively, of course, for as is inevitable, the rational powers will succumb to the irascible appetite. The Upper Classmen, wearying of mental jiu-jitsu (to date ineffectual), will eventually employ Force. And Force has always been known to carry the field against logic. Yet the victory of physical prowess, the war won by numbers alone, is always a Pyrrhis victory. Subjugating any minority, however small, by means of brute strength alone, means that the conquerors have only weakened themselves while they have actually strengthened the opposition by forcing them to look more closely into their cause, to crystalize, and to magnify their convictions. And even in cases where the minority is completely annihilated, the victory is empty. For Truth is immutable. In concentrating its offense on Truth, Force lays itself open to indirect attack. For Truth seeps into the ranks of the aggressors, and when the last vestige of its former habitat has been shattered by shell hole, lo, the Truth will flower again in a new climate!

Of course, both Freshmen have some grounds on which to stand; but so have the Upperclassmen. It would be interesting to take the subject up in a formal debate—if the point of controversy could be isolated. In this, as in most arguments, the participants seem to be mutually ignorant of the issue at question, which is hazing.

That there is some justification for hazing goes without saying. There is also much to be said against it. I propose to take issue with neither side, but would caution both against extremes.

In the first place, I would caution the Upperclassmen not to suppress any original thinkers. Assumption needs them. The local mortality rate on Freshmen is terrific, and it is an indisputable fact that not always the fittest survive. So cherish these two rare specimens; let cultivation supplant annihilation. Then you, as well as Assumption, may profit by the fruit therefrom.

To the Freshmen (especially the Logician), I would say, Beware of Logic! I, too, was once logically loquacious, and hence know the pitfalls. "There is a higher law than logic," said a wise man to me once after I had marshalled my biggest guns against a national pastime that was, to me, particularly distasteful. Remember, then, that hazing, in spite of its abuses, is essentially good; though it may appear sophomoric, barbaric, and puerile to you, hazing has honorable antecedents.

Birth of a Classroom Boner

Although the authenticity of much of that type of humor known as Classroom Boners is open to question, those who were not caught napping in a recent Sociology class witnessed the birth of what will undoubtedly prove to be a classic in this field.

The discussion had turned to feeble-mindedness, and its non-hereditary causes, when Mex McKinty, who heretofore had shown no predilection for Malypropisms, entered the conversation.

"Father!"

"Yes, Mex?"

"Isn't it true that most cases of feeble-mindedness are heretical?"

If you don't get the point at first, feel no alarm. A great hush in class preceded the uproar. When quiet was restored, some one said, in an aside:

"Boy, can he doctor the King's English!"

To which a wiseacre replied: "He ain't no doctor, he's a surgeon." Which crack was definitely anti-climax.

Viva Erasmus Doyle!!!

It is rumored that Erasmus Doyle is registered this year in Biodynamics 315a, and Physical Training 56b, which he is taking extramurally by means of mental telepathy. This "sweet singer of the plains," whose spiritual affinity to Gertrude Stein ("a rose is a rose is a rose") is unquestioned, may once again (dis)grace the pages of the P. & W. Before such moment arrives, we beg leave to handle the Nostalgia Department.—E. G.:

Ah, Wilderness!

Forsooth, 'tis Mary's grove,
With all its treasure trove
Of Mary this, and Mary that,
Of Mary thin, and Mary fat,
Of Mary dark, and Mary fair,
Of Mary don't, and Mary dare!
Of Mary sweet, and Mary sour,
Of Mary weak, and Mary power.

Ah yes, they've got their Marys there.
Frankly, they get in my hair.
Yet if for names I had a flair,
I would not have to stand and stare,
Thinking, — Is it Mary Ann
Or Mary Jane, or Maritain?
No, none of these. Perchance it's Alice!
Nay again. What is this, malice,
That my brain must needs erase,—
Say could it be Mary Grace?
I fear not, yet I know we've met.
Could her name be Margaret?
Ah well, 'tis useless her to tarry.
Guess I'll just say, "Hello Mary!"

Thoughts, Mostly Idle, of a Fellow, Mostly Ditto:

Why is it that the Lecture League, which pulls a larger crowd of outsiders than any other function at Assumption, should pull such a few Arts students? . . . In the 1,600 people at the Palace about 16 were college men . . . or maybe 17 . . . I wasn't sure about one fellow standing in the lobby waiting for the midnight show to start.

Those who journeyed to Orchard Lake Sunday last witnessed a close game played under ideal weather conditions . . . St. Mary's has a picturesque layout, overlooking one of Oakland county's many fine lakes . . . quite a few Old Boys present. John Enders, Harold Schachern, and Garn Griffin, to name a few . . . And a good representation from Windsor . . . And they all had to pay to get in! . . . Fr. Killoran was there, too. But there is nothing to the rumor that I asked him if I could deduct the price of admission from my Athletic Fee.—JOHN RIORDAN.

JUST FROSH

(Continued from Page 3)

the language of the laity) the following day.

Freshman Week was otherwise quiet save for a dance for the social butterflies, which climaxed the week's activities. Among the more serious activities which have taken place was the election which placed the honourable Jack Keenan at the helm of the freshman class while Wagner was elected representative for the B. V. M. Sodality.—DICK FARRELL.

The accumulation of power, the characteristic note of the modern economic order, is a natural result of limitless free competition.—Pope Pius XI.

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:

"His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."—Hilaire Belloc.

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OCT. 26, 27, 28
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Janet Gaynor—Robt. Montgomery
Also "Barefoot Boy"

OCT. 29 to NOV. 1
"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"
Clark Gable—Myrna Loy

AID'S BAGATELLES

Orchids to those students who made the trip to Orchard Lake. With that spirit sports at Assumption look definitely on the upswing this year. Ask any of these loyal rooters and they will quietly tell you that they witnessed a great game and a fighting Purple and White eleven.

Memories—Garn Griffin, last year's court captain, is writing sports for the Detroit News, also has been made Director of Publicity for the M-O Conference. Don Morand, last year's Varsity guard, has enrolled in the law school at Toronto, but is not eligible for sports there. Max Murphy, last year's grid captain, has joined the Bassilian Order.

Did You Know—Tom Hastings of the grid squad is one of the best softball hurlers in the Rochester, N.Y., district. He holds a victory over the Kodak team, former world champs. Coach Joe Connelly also played a lot of indoor this summer and on one occasion Hastings struck out Mentor Connelly three times. Chuck Sweeney received more publicity before he took the mound for St. Catherines than he did after he pitched one game for the same club. Jerry Livingston was hitting the ball well in the Can.-Am. League until he was laid low with appendicitis. According to Sportsmen Tom Monahan, he had six out of seven winners the opening day of Saratoga. Muggsy Malone fielded a 1,000 for the Norwalk, Ohio, nine the past season. If Muggsy could learn how to hit curves, he would be a "leaguer." Chippy Chaplin and Alec Newman, according to Trainer Harry Drew, are living examples of athletes in the pink of condition, and should be models for the rest of the gridders. The "bigger boys" are anxious to know if Tom Marinis will put a club in the intra-mural league this year. Sam Sasso, Ed. Hoover and Muggsy Malone give proof of that old adage, good things come in small packages, as they all perform so notably well on the gridiron. There is a red-hot bridge tournament being conducted by the boarders in their club room. Likewise a thrilling handball tournament for the day scholars. Winners of both tournaments will be announced in the next issue of Purple and White. Watch for thumb-nail description of the football players in the next issues of Aid's Bagatelles.

Joe Connelly Is Named Head Coach

Former U. of T. and Argo Star Back at Assumption

The beginning of the scholastic year ushered in a new regime in Assumption athletics. The Rev. J. A. Donlon was made Director of Athletics, and Mr. J. J. Connelly was appointed head coach. As Father Donlon is well known to all of us, it is appropriate that we introduce the new coach.

Mr. Connelly is a native of Rochester, N.Y., where he attended Aquinas Institute. Here "Joe," besides being an able student, was a three letter man and starred in football, basketball and baseball. After four eventful years at Aquinas he entered St. Michael's College in Toronto.

Although only eighteen years of age, "Joe" won a regular berth with St. Michael's Senior O.R.F.U. entry. Not only that, but he also won acclaim for his sensational play and was selected on the All-Eastern team in his first year. He also was a regular on the Senior basketball club in his freshman year. Joe continued his brilliant play for two more years at St. Michael's, winning wide renown for himself and his school. Joe rounded out his football days with the University of Toronto and the Toronto Argos, Canadian champs last year. Wherever Canadian football is discussed the name of Joe Connelly will stand mighty high, for his feats will go down in the annals of the sport. He also played senior basketball with the U. of Toronto.

Last year Joe Connelly transferred to Assumption College and closed a brilliant career as a member of the Purple and White court squad. Thus Assumption can boast of the fact that Joe is numbered among her graduates. So we salute Joe Connelly, an Assumption alumnus and the guardian of her destinies on gridiron and court.

All-Stars Drub Minums In Intramural Play

In intramural high school sports, the outstanding feature was the defeat of the Minums by Father Mallon's All-Stars, 13-7. The victory was featured by the fine play of Ray Peashal who scored the first touchdown. Other scores were made by Keenan for the Minums and Pat Hucker for the All-Stars.

Assumption Drops M.-O. Opener, 6-0

Blocked Kick Leads to a St. Mary's Victory

In the opening game of the M-O conference, our Purple and White eleven bowed in defeat to a veteran St. Mary's outfit. It was a heartbreaker for the Connelly-coached club to drop, as they outplayed their rivals for three-quarters of the game.

A blocked kick of Alec Newman's led to our downfall. St. Mary's recovered on the Assumption 37. Two off-tackle smashes put the ball on the 27. Then on a double reverse which completely fooled our boys, Captain Al Sienkiewicz raced around end unmolested for the touchdown.

The Varsity made several strong bids for scores throughout the game, but costly penalties and fumbles led to their undoing just as it seemed that they were about to score.

Howie Flynn, Sam Sasso, Alec Newman, and Muggsy Malone played good ball for the Purple and White eleven.

High Gridders Are Game

Seniors and Juniors Have Their Ups and Downs

Both High School football teams have shown great courage in the face of injuries and strong opposition. The Seniors got away to an auspicious start, defeating Kennedy 4-2 on the Assumption campus. However, their next start, against the strong Vocational eleven, ended in defeat and the loss of Archie McPherson, who showed great promise during the first game. Buffeted thus by fortune, the team suffered defeat once more last Friday at the hands of the Patterson gridders, 6-4. The score indicated the stubborn play of the Assumption boys.

The Juniors have had a somewhat more successful season than the older team. They opened the season by holding a supposedly superior Patterson team to a 1-1 tie. Then, on Oct. 12, they defeated Vocational to the tune of 2-1. Keenan's fine kicking and running featured both contests.

Lament of the Bourgeois Father

I sent my son to college,
When times were rather slack;
After spending many dollars,
I got a "quarter-back." F. M.

Assumption Defeats Adrian by 6 to 0

First Win in Eighteen Years Over Michigan Team

The Assumption varsity football eleven looked impressive in their opening game of the year when they defeated the strong Adrian aggregation 6-0. It was the first Assumption victory over an Adrian grid machine in eighteen years.

In defeating Adrian the varsity struck fast. When the fracas was but two minutes old Van Wagnoer recovered an Adrian fumble on the enemy's 30-yard line. George Yahn and Muggsy Malone advanced the ball to the 19. Three running plays were halted before the hard-working Alec Newman faded back and tossed a 20 yard pass into the hands of Wagnoer who galloped ten yards for a touchdown.

Numerous times throughout the remainder of the contest our boys were in Adrian territory, but over-anxiousness led to costly fumbles which prevented a real scoring drive.

The feature of the game was the defensive play of the Assumption line. They held the Adrian backs to two first downs, and opened up holes which enabled the Varsity backfield to move the yardsticks forward twelve times.

QUILL DROPS

(Continued from Page 4)

and can take a ribbing in good style . . . Now that the crisis in Europe is definitely over, we can settle down to work and not think of the time we would have had if we had to abandon our books to fight against Hitler . . . Some students, I think, would rather face Hitler than the term exams . . . The big class of freshmen this year only goes to prove the old saying, "You can't tell how fresh a man is until he's a Freshman."

THE PRIZE SMILE OF THE MONTH—Some poor Freshman shining John Daly's shoes during Freshmen Week Initiation . . . And so until the next time, ADIOS AMICOS . . . —FRANK MURPHY.

When you feel like knocking, knock the knockers. Keep a constructive view-point.

Contest Interest At Fever Heat Among Hi-ers

Forms in Pitched Battle to See who Can Sell Most Tickets

It has become a standing joke these days concerning the "stupendous," "colossial," and "nothing like it before" contests that float over the ether waves and magazine covers from one end of the year to the other. All one need do is to clip off a couple of box-tops, or include a few candy, soap, ice cream or tooth paste wrappers together with figures varying from 50 to 100 words on the subject "Why I like Smellso soap" or "What Sweetie-Pie candy means to me." Oftentimes such contests of "skill" become obnoxious and many persons shun them on the grounds that cutting up boxes and penning lines of tommyrot is a pastime for the insane. However, to arrive at the point, those who are promoters of the Assumption band were in doubt for a long time as to what type of contest would be favourable in the school. At length the favorite "take-a-chance" system was decided upon and so "The Assumption Merry-Go-Round" was formed. This system has won the favour of all and already the merry-go-round of ticket selling is spinning merrily about.

It is really a dual contest in that everyone who sells a complete book of tickets on the Grand Prizes totalling $200 is entitled to an individual award. In addition to this, high school classes selling the greatest average number of tickets by December 14 will be granted a whole holiday, while a turkey dinner will be served to the six boarders and six day students selling the greatest number of tickets by November 8.

A myriad of prizes is being offered and it will behoove everyone to keep the "old merry-go-round" rolling. The greatest feature of the contest is that everyone has an equal opportunity to win something. Remember "Music is your best entertainment," so sell those tickets and put the Assumption band on top this year! If you have not procured your book as yet, by all means get one now! Do not say that you cannot sell a book, because you can. Everyone likes a contest of chance and dividends are paid to everyone who tries to sell at least half a book.

The following are the awards:

For each complete book you receive a choice of one of the following:

(A) A beautiful crucifix, 19 inches in length.

(B) An Assumption College Belt Buckle.

(C) A sick-call case complete.

Plus—two free chances on the trip to Notre Dame-Minnesota game. For less than a complete book you receive one free ticket as a chance on the trip to the game.

Instead of the above prizes you can obtain for disposing of three books of tickets a white woolen college sweater trimmed with purple. (Value $3.50.)

Special Prizes

A whole holiday to the class selling the greatest average number of tickets by December 14, 1938.

A turkey dinner to the six boarders and six day students disposing of the greatest number of tickets by November 8th, 1938.

Two dollars in cash to the boy who sells the most tickets over Canada Thanksgiving.

Fifteen dollars in cash to the boy selling the most tickets by December 14th.

Five dollars in cash to the boy selling the winning ticket on the first grand prize.

Date of drawings—Nov. 9th and Dec. 14th.

High School Reporters Asked to Co-operate

There will be an important meeting of the entire High School staff at 3:30 P.M., Monday, 24th. Every class representative should be present if possible. We should like to have representatives from Commercial, IC, ID, and IIIB. We regret sincerely that pressure of time prevented us from having news reports from those classes in the present issue.

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HI-LIGHTS

V YEAR—In English we are studying a famous murder story, written by a prominent English writer . . . We hear that Les. Nantais and Ed. Clifford generally spend their noon hours over at Sandwich High interviewing certain students . . . Gene Duchesne has started to play with electric trains . . . Tom. Decourcey and Jack McLister have been solving intricate problems in stuff on the blackboard during morning recesses.

IV YEAR—Most of us High School Graduates attended and greatly enjoyed the opening of the "Christian Culture Series" by Msgr. Fulton Sheen at the Palace Theatre.

IIIA—Norm. Semple tells us that he is going to be a great chemist some day. Judging by some of his recent experiments in class we are very much inclined to doubt his word . . . IIIA boasts of having the cream of the scholars. Look at last year's honour roll and look at IIIA—Baldock, Buch, Brogan, Heufelder, Johnston, Jolie, Papineau, and Heffernan . . . Say, isn't that Jack Ferguson going to stop talking about hockey. Never ming Ferg., your reporter sympathizes with you. Assumption may have a hockey team some day . . . IIIA, which boasts of several members of Fr. Harrison's bands, threatens to break out in a jam session some day. Let's have it boys; there's lots of jitterbugs here.

IIA—This class boasts of having practically all the players on the Senior football team for at least one class or more . . . Crutches, Crutches, Crutches; Archie MacPherson and Milton Flynt, football casualties, and John Sheanan, who is given to falling down the stairs, each with a pair of crutches.

IIB—It is possible that Mr. Hebert will temper his vivacity with a modicum of reserve . . . Mr. Mulvihill finally succeeded in catching Tulio Alissi in a question about the slow growth of the colony in New France in 1663. Incidentally, Mr. Poirier does not know the reason for his slow growth . . . Room IIB resembles a model T more and more every day—a crank in front and a bunch of nuts in the back . . . Somebody had better tie a mooring line to Pigeon before he flies away . . . Sharkey hangs up his gloves and begins his studies .. . Mr. J. "Wimpy" Bensette salts his hamburgs every Friday.

IIC—John Trottier was relating how a fire bug started a fire. He innocently acknowledged that he never saw or heard of a firebug . . . Mayor Milton Reaume and Reeve G. Reaume seem quite stuck up now because they run the family compact in La Salle . . . Believe it or not, Mr. T. Macfadden has a rooster which lays eggs.

IID—Did anyone bother to inquire where Leo Crowley disappeared to during the latter part of the morning a few days ago, only to reappear in the afternoon—just missing Mr. Mulvihill's period? Sounds fishy . . . This room has started its physiography class, and has lost its spare. Too bad. I suppose they will have to do a little work at home now.

IA—Mr. Mulvihill sure keeps little Pat Dwyer on edge for 45 minutes during the day. He has Pat catching brushes right and left. The way he says "Pat" has Pat's hair standing on end and grabbing for a brush. But in spite of this Mr. Mulvihill is tops in Pat's estimation, and ours too.

IB—Milton Thint, second victim of a fractured ankle, broke his in the game with Tech. While chasing a Tech man in the last quarter he turned upon his ankle. It will be two months before he will recover, and he will not be able to play football any more this year.

8th GRADE—Would you believe it that Ben Laranger of the 8th Grade got the two dollars for selling the most tickets over the week-end? What are you going to do with the 2 dollars, Ben? P.S.—The 8th Grade is in the lead for the holiday so far.

7th GRADE—Tom Maus broke two of his fingers on his right hand this week playing football on the "All Star" team. He is escaping a lot of written homework, but is still not getting out of studying . . . Flash . . . Albert McCarthy is going to try to improve his work, he stated after a brief interview this morning. The boys have been teasing him quite a bit lately, and since he flares up quite easily, his tormenter often comes out the worse after the battle.

Good Shows To Appear at Cass

Theatregoers Sure to Like Some of These

Theatre-enthusiasts among the student body will be interested in the excellent program arranged for the coming season by the Cass Theater in Detroit. Not only have the plays been given highly favorable criticism everywhere, but the players are some of the best in the legitimate theatre.

Thus far, Cass audiences have been regaled with two well-known plays, Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy," with Luther Adler and Frances Farmer, and Hart and Kaufman's Pulitzer Prize-winning "You Can't Take It With You." The final performance of the latter play is to be given tomorrow night. Any who saw the picture will doubtless be interested in comparing the stage version with the Hollywood production.

Following the Hart and Kaufman comedy, the comedy hit, "The Women," which ran for three successful seasons on Broadway, will be featured. On October 31st, the program lists an adaption of "Herod and Mariamne," starring the renowned Katherine Cornell.

Other performances during the next few weeks include "Shadow and Substance," with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, "Amphitryon 38," with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and "Blossom Time," the famous war story.

Students interested in the new dramatic society may well find attendance at some of these plays an interesting way of studying histrionics.

Catholic Worker Group Seeks Your Assistance

All students with an interest in charitable organization should drop in on the House of Our Lady of the Wayside at 209 Crawford Ave. This house is conducted by the Windsor Catholic Worker Group, and has been a place of refuge for the destitute.

Charities are always in need of assistance. If there is any thing which any of you can give, it will be appreciated, not only by the group, but also by God himself, Who has identified Himself with the needy. Remember that by feeding a hungry body you may also be saving a hungry soul.

A PRAYER IN DARKNESS

By G. K. Chesterton

This much, O heaven — if I should brood or rave
Pity me not; but let the world be fed,
Yea, in my madness if I strike me dead,
Heed you the grass that grows upon my grave.

If I dare snarl between this sun and sod,
Whimper and clamor, give me grace to own,
In sun and rain and fruit in season shown,
The shining silence of the scorn of God.

Thank God the stars are set beyond my power,
If I must travel in a night of wrath;
Thank God my tears will never vex a moth,
Nor any curse of mine cut down a flower.

Men say the sun was darkened: yet I had
Though it beat brightly, even on — Calvary:
And He that hung upon the Torturing Tree
Heard all the crickets singing, and was glad.

(Continued from Page 4)

In order to preserve the band's future welfare and well being the students must support it. Any measure of success a college activity may attain is due primarily to the support which it receives from the student body at large. Therefore let us all help these industrious musicians as best we can. A cordial invitation is extended to all university students to join. Watch the P. & W. and the bulletin boards for announcements. Join the band and blow our teams to victory!—R. FARRELL.

(Continued from Page 1)

Provided that the first effort meets with student co-operation, Mr. Campbell intends to initiate a permanent dramatic society. This organization will train its members, not only in the arts of histrionics, but also in such prerequisites of theatrical production as scenery arrangement, lighting, stage management, etc.

Needless to say, these plans can never be carried out without student support. In most matters Assumption shows signs of escaping from the doldrums of indifference. It is to be hoped that what should be an important cultural activity of college life will not be neglected in the general revival. All who wish to aid in the reconstruction of the Dramatic Society should give their names to Mr. Campbell.

You Will Never Be Sorry

For living a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For being courteous to all.
For looking before leaping.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before judging.
For harboring clean thoughts.
For standing by your principles.
For being generous to an enemy.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For promptness in keeping promises.
For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For being honest in business dealings.
For putting the best meaning on the acts of others.

Christian Culture Series Lecturers

Three Noted Names on Program for Coming Month

During the next month, the Assumption College Lecture League plans to bring to Windsor audiences three of the most prominent of Catholic thinkers today.

On October 23, Maurice Leahy, editor, poet, and critic, will discuss "Ireland Today." Having just returned from an interview with Eamon De Valera, Mr. Leahy is evidently well fitted for delivering a competent lecture on this subject. On November 6, Rev. Owen Francis Dudley, author of such best sellers as "The Masterful Monk," will speak on "The Ordeal of This Generation." He will be followed on November 16, 17, and 18 by Jaques Maritain. M. Maritain's fame is so widespread among Catholic scholastic circles that it is superfluous to say not only that his lectures are well worth attending, but also that to miss any of them would be to spurn a gift of great intellectual wealth. M. Maritain's program consists of a single lecture on the 17th and two four o'clock conferences on the other two days.

Assumption students, as well as outsiders, who wish to take their place in the world as cultured Christian gentlemen, can never afford to miss any of these lectures.

The principles to which I have referred as so largely dominating economic life today and for one hundred and fifty years back are in flat contradiction with the ethics of historic Christianity, and historic Judaism as well.—Very Rev. Edward Mooney.

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Vol 13 ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, WINDSOR, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1938 No. 2

Dramatic Society Begins Production of Journey's End

War Play to be Staged in Early Part of December. Cast Already Chosen.

We are pleased to announce that plans for Assumption's most ambitious theatrical production since the Shakespearian triumphs of Father Coughlin are finally taking shape. "Journey's End," most famous of war plays, with the cast practically complete, is now in process of rehearsal, with Mr. Laughlin Campbell in the director's chair. Date of presentation has not yet been decided upon — ("when it's ready," says the director) but will probably be about the second week in December.

Mr. Campbell, fresh from his dramatic course in Washington, is proving himself thoroughly competent in his handling of a very difficult play. He is well versed in stage technique and with dramatic art in general, and is guiding his charges with a veteran hand. Although none of the cast are experienced actors, hidden talent is revealing itself, particularly among the newer College men, and we can rest assured that all parts will be capably taken care of.

The technical end of the production is full of problems, but the able assistance of Bill Hickey as stage manager, and the generous offer of lighting equipment by the Windsor Theatre Guild, should allay fears in that direction.

Formation of a Dramatic Society before the actual production is expected, and it is hoped that the Society can then take over the task of presenting this play and making plans for future activity. Mr. Campbell has determined that Assumption's long - dormant theatre shall be revived, and we know that all good College men are behind him.

SONNET: TO JACQUES MARITAIN

To one who in a world alive with doubt
Did wildly grasp for one sure thing to hold,
For one small ember to ward off the cold,
For but one chance to stem the seeming rout;
To one who scorned to use a simple out,
To bend his will, and do as he was told,
To seek the things of sense, the things of gold,
And thus by forfeit to escape the rout,—
Thou came, O Maritain, in darkest night,
And lo! the shadows all did fade away,
And I was strong, and warm, and free from fright,
No more to fear the outcome of the fray,
No more to seek the Way, the Truth, the Light,
But evermore by Thomas' side to stay.

—John J. Riordan.

Friars Sponsor Football Dance

Lakewood to Witness Annual Frolic on Dec. 2

The second annual football dance, sponsored by the Friar's Club, will be held at the Lakewood Golf and Country Club on Dec. 2. Music is to be provided by Al Edwards and his orchestra and dancing will continue from 9.00 to some unknown hour. The dance will be semi-formal, and the admission is $2.00 per couple.

The patrons for this event will be: Mr. and Mrs. Elden Auker, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rogell, Dr. and Mrs. McCarroll, Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Morand, Dr. and Mrs. E. Beuglet, Sir Harry and Mrs. Gignac, Mr. and Mrs. J. Daly, and Mayor Richard Reading of Detroit.

The Friar's Club is already making every effort to render this dance a success. They will attempt to provide rides for non-mobile boarders, and it is hoped that all students will support this event. Those who attended last year's successful Football dance will assure any newcomers that any who attend this year will not be disappointed.

The fellowship of man is a fundamental fact and through it alone comes the growth of personality.—Earl Adam.

Notes on the Lecture League

One Speaker Scheduled During December

During the past month, the Assumption Lecture League continued on its markedly successful course. The public lectures of Mr. Maurice Leahy, and Rev. Owen Francis Dudley were well received, and Mr. Leahy's address to the students of Assumption and Holy Names' College was truly enlightening. Striking evidence of Father Dudley's fame as an author was given by the audience which filled the gymnasium for his lecture.

We regret that pressure of time prevents our bringing any account of the lectures of M. Jacques Maritain. However, we hope to print in our next issue an interview with this great Catholic philosopher.

Only one lecture is planned for the next month, that of Eric Von Kuhnelt-Leddihin on Soviet Russia, which should be interesting as well as informative.

We were much gratified at the attention given the Christian Culture Series by Mr. Kelsey in his Commentator column in the Detroit News. Mr. Kelsey remarked, among other things, that it is time that more Detroiters heard about this activity. In our opinion, this remark should not be confined merely to Detroiters.

Crusading Priest In Campaign On Behalf of Poor

Assumption Graduate Takes Up Cudgels with Vigor and effectiveness

By Richard Deverall

(This article is condensed from the September issue of "The Christian Front." Its interest to Assumption students and alumni lies in the fact that Rt. Rev. Joseph Smith, the "Crusading Monsignor" of Cleveland, is a graduate of Assumption College and a former president of its Alumni Association.)

The rectory of St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, is located in the heart of the business district of the Lake City. A huge, rambling structure of old red brick, people seem to stream endlessly in and out of the rectory.

Monsignor Joseph Smith came into the visitors' parlour and greeted us warmly. A great, stately priest of many years service, the Monsignor sat opposite us and allowed piercing, kindly eyes to look us over. The round, jovial face indicated a priest of great depth.

The Monsignor Explains His Position

The interviewer first inquired as to what reason Monsignor Smith could give for the latent attitude of mild anti-clericalism prevalent among workmen in such steel centres as Youngstown, Massilon, and so forth. The monsignor attributed this to the fact that so many priests spoke against the CIO, having been led to regard it as Communistic.

"Personally," he said, "I regard the CIO as a God-send to our poor people . . . I know John Brophy and Phil Murray. They, and many of the other CIO labor leaders, have a brand of Catholicism which is refreshing in these days of Sunday religion."

The monsignor went on to

(Continued on Page 4)

PURPLE & WHITE

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A STUDENTS' PARLIAMENT

ON another page of this issue will be found the opinions of four Assumption students on the question of transforming the Literary Society into a Students' Parliament. The consensus seems to be that this would be an excellent idea, bringing out the students' debating powers, and at the same time arousing interest in an unjustly neglected activity.

Two of our answers, however, indicated that this scheme should be restricted to only a certain number of meetings, the remainder to be left to purely literary activities. These students point out that even so lively a type of meeting as a parliament may become monotonous with constant repetition. Besides this, there would seem to be some difficulty in fitting guest speakers into such a scheme of things. We may take it, however, that many students would regard such a program as a method of injecting new life into the Literary Society.

In this survey, however, only four students were consulted; and, being editors of a school paper, we fully appreciate the difficulty of satisfying all tastes. We feel that the executive of the society would appreciate a more certain indication of student opinion. What do you think of this plan? Would you give it your personal support? Remember that the Literary Society is the responsibility of every Assumption student. You can help its president in directing its policy merely by signifying your idea of what that policy should be.

If the boys from South Bend get past Southern Cal. next Saturday, we may expect the Rose Bowl Game to be one between the first and second Notre Dame squads.

NO MORE FRESHMEN

WE have, in our Freshman column this month, an excellent statement of the views of Freshmen on the question of "pots." With this statement, we believe that the long contention will cease, since, with the passing of the "pots," the whole issue has become a dead one.

In the first place, the villains of the piece from any point of view have disappeared from the scene. The recalcitrant Freshmen have received their retribution, whether it was just or unjust depending on one's position in the conflict. Everyone, including the defendants, enjoyed the clash of wits and legal terminology which took place in the hall of justice. The upper-classmen have ceased to be tyrants, and have become instead, friendly leaders and aids.

Since such is the case, it is high time to forget the sneer attached to the appelations of "Freshmen" and "upper-classman." There are really no more Freshmen; they are members of the Assumption class of '42. As we remarked in our previous issue, we know that the new men will prove themselves loyal Assumption students. We feel sure that the revival of Assumption spirit which is being initiated this year will be carried forward by them during the next few years. Their contribution to our school will be no small one.

On the other hand, it is to be hoped that no permanent animosity or distrust toward upper-classmen has been created in the minds of any of the newcomers. The various extra-curricular organizations of Assumption are making grand efforts toward focussing the attention of Windsorites upon the College. They need the support of very student in this task. Let us not let any minor bitterness stifle our enthusiasm in the common cause.

THE VIRTUOUS PRESS

ONE of the most amusing features of the recent "Martian invasion" conducted by Mr. Orson Wells was the attitude of virtuous indignation adopted by such newspapers as the Detroit Free Press. "You will notice," these paragons of public enlightenment say in effect "that when the poor, bewildered radio audience sought for truth and light, it came to us." Thus they utter, in the same breath, a tribute to the veracity of the Fourth Estate, and a sharp rebuke to that bad, little child, the radio industry, for its betrayal of a trusting public.

Now, if I were sufficiently malicious of mind, I would relate in full detail the notorius moon-hoax," perpetrated deliberately, not accidentally, upon its credulous readers by the New York Sun, with the sole intention of increasing the paper's circulation.

However, since I am dealing with the more recent event, I will content myself with one question: "Why was the public so receptive to the alarming news that men from Mars were invading Mayor Hogue's possessions?" It is my belief that this acceptance of an incredible report was a direct result of a delusion built up in the mass mind, a misconception that there is a probability of the existence of life on Mars. The pillars of veracity which are now proclaiming their righteousness to the world at three cents per copy have prepared the field well for Mr. Wells' triumph in the field of prank-playing. For years they have been cramming their Sunday feature sections with pseudo-scientific descriptions of life on the Red Planet. Are they willing now to take their share in the blame for the public's ignorance?

We hope the individual who "snitched" that pennant from the day-scholars' club-room has not placed it above his bed. It would hardly bring him any pleasant dreams.

THE NEW BARBARISM

IT is impossible to speak of recent events in Nazi Germany with any semblance of objective calmness. The present proceedings are too fantastically horrible to be dignified even with the epithet of "atrocity." It is difficult to believe any longer that the Christian culture of Germany is being overwhelmed in a flood of pagan intolerance. One can scarcely have patience with some few American and Canadian columnists who seek to excuse the barbarities of Nazidom on the public pretext that acts of similar ferocity are the perpetrations of American lynch-mobs. It is hard to see any comparison between the fiery actions of an unthinking mob, with the deliberately planned and executed persecution of one race by another.

Nor can this writer find it in his heart to believe that these acts are those of the German government, and not the German people. It is a painful fact, but the philosophy of force and power, combined with intense hatred of the Jewish race, has been inculcated in the German mind by such efficient propagandists as Paul Goebbels and Julius Streecher. It is a threat to Christian idealism throughout the world, but especially in the land where its adherents are the leaders of the government. Every successful blow at Judaism is an equally successful triumph of paganism over the Christian belief in the brotherhood of man.

ON page one—news items, and an article on a fighting Catholic monsignor. On page three—"Brass Tacks," an article on a matter vital to Assumption students. On page five—a page of features. On page six—sports highlights. On page seven—news for high-school students. On page eight—literary views, poetry, and news concerning Jack Laughlin, our former librarian.

BRASS TACKS

A LOCAL NEED

The pep meeting on Friday last served to confirm the opinion held by this writer as well as others on the campus, that Assumption is in dire need of the services of a publicity man. Perhaps, because of the stigma attached to the name "publicity man," we should use some other term, such as Director of Student Activities or Public Relations Counsel. But call him what we will, the fact remains that Assumption is losing much by the absence of such a personage from the local scene.

At the risk of being platitudinous, we would point out that Assumption College is the custodian of a vast store of wealth,—wealth that it is only too willing to give away in exchange for a surprisingly small amount of energy and cash. Yet who knows of this bountiful institution? Unfortunately, only a few of the thousands, or should we say millions (ignoring international boundaries), of the people residing within a radius of ten miles of our school are actually aware of its existence.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Perhaps, if the words of the poet are true, Assumption should continue to pursue its present course of reticence and abnegation, but fortunately the poet's paradox falls flat. It is not folly to desire knowledge. A man may live a happy life, totally ignorant of a gold mine in his back yard, but this does not foreswear the possibility that he could live a much happier, useful, and more complete life if he knew of the gold mine. Without stretching the analogy, we can envision Assumption College as an intellectual gold mine. Does it not follow, therefore, that those who are aware of the rich deposits have a moral obligation to diffuse this information, so that the whole may profit? Viewed in this light Publicity Directors actually serve society much in the same manner as metallurgists.

THE PUBLIC EYE

The public eye is not a trained organ. It flits from truth to error, from war news to comic sections, from liquor advertisements to church notices. The public mind is bombarded with myriad impressions, half-thought thoughts, random opinions and idle conjectures. Being untrained, it has an even greater difficulty than the trained mind in distinguishing between truth and falsehood, between right and wrong, between what is,—and what seems to be,—"The Good, the True, and The Beautiful." That is why even such a manifestly "good" thing as higher education must be put before the public eye—and kept there. This has been done. American democracies are decidedly "education conscious,"—but even in education there is the true and the false! What are colleges possessed of Truth doing to propagate that heritage,—to show that it actually is the Truth? What is Assumption College doing in this line? In the past it has been content to take what came its way. Is that enough? Does not the God-given right, protected and guaranteed by democracies, to teach the Truth imply a duty not only to teach, but to teach to the widest possible number, so that thereby the concepts of God and Democracy may be preserved?

MODERN METHODS NEEDED

In order to attain this end Assumption College must employ methods in harmony with the times. Word-of-mouth advertising, while still effective and invaluable, is slow and uncertain, particularly so when more effective methods are being used by other agencies to attract, and distract, the public. Although we may pride ourselves on possessing the "philosophiae perennis," and glibly claim that the Truth is eternally young, yet we must not bind ourselves to the fact that the vehicle for its transmission may have broken down, or may have become antiquated. Colleges can no longer live in a world apart, disdaining change, self-sufficient and self-satisfied. Today they must be an integral part of society, vitally concerned with change—progressive or retrogressive. To carry on their work, colleges today cannot exist as in the past. Government aid and cooperation is needed in order to carry out some projects. Subsidies are the order of the day. Endowments, without strings attached, are necessary if impoverished, but worthy students are to be of maximum benefit to society. Industry must help carry the load if it wishes to substitute technical training for apprenticeship. Above all, colleges no longer can afford to be self-satisfied. Complacency may sometimes be the first sign of decay. The maternal elements of our educational system may be atrophied, but it is not our intention to discuss this matter at this time. We only wish to point out that modern society colleges must create a post hitherto unnecessary, a post to be filled by a combination Public Relations Counsel-Student Activities Director.

DUAL RESPONSIBILITY

A college owes a duty not only to society, but to the students within its walls as well. Thus it is not enough to bring to the attention of the public those activities of the college which concern it; it is not enough to correlate the college and the community. The various units within the college must also be brought into harmony; a carefully outlined program of social activity must be put into effect. Intramural sports must be arranged. Such a program requires much serious thought, a good deal of hard work. It cannot be left to haphazard organization. Its success cannot be left to chance. Such a program must be directed by someone vitally concerned with it—and it alone,—not for a month, or a year, but year after year.

SCHOOL SPIRIT NOT ENOUGH

This generation seems peculiarly cynical and skeptical. The old emotional appeal falls on deafened ears. The spirit of an earlier era "to do or die for dear old Siwash" is dead. It is no longer sufficient to tell a student what he **ought** to do. He now demands a reason why he should do it. Today when a student goes to a football game, he does not do so from charitable motives, but to see a good contest. He can no longer be coerced. Force and compulsion are futile; "school spirit" cannot be imposed from without. Perhaps this is as it should be; perhaps it isn't. The fact remains that such a condition exists, particularly in our own college, and that the obvious remedy is the creation of a post similar to that which we have outlined. It must be the duty of someone to tell the outside world what we are doing, and to convince the students themselves that what we are doing is worthwhile—that is worth doing for itself.

PROPAGANDA—NOT BALLYHOO

Ballyhoo belongs to Hollywood. Propaganda belongs to any cause, good or bad. It is a subtle agent in the formation of new culture patterns, and a tool that we need not disdain to use. We have seen good propaganda used for evil purposes. Our purpose, however, is good, but that does not mean that our propaganda will necessarily be likewise. Only intelligent effort will make it so, and if such effort must be purchased on the market that is only a further recognition of the era in which we live. Purely from a utilitarian viewpoint the creation of such a post is advisable, but above and beyond mercenary considerations is a higher hope. Perhaps, in some future day, through the conscious manipulation of those unconscious impulses which cause men to act as they do, Assumption College will actually experience a visitation of that nebulous something commonly known as "school spirit."—John J. Riordan.

The future of Youth in the Country depends on

Democracy, not Communism.

Re-Elect

WIGLE

The Opponent of Communism and sponsor of the

Youth Program of Civic Athletics.

CHATTERWRACK

Seems as though some of the boys on the Pup Flat are "Crabin" plenty these days. Their extreme pessimism is "catching" on some of the other flats too. Hal Perfect and Harry Bridge take honors for receiving prettiest stationery. Hal's letters are written on green, while Harry's come in pink. Cronin's keen memory nearly precipitated a break in friendship with his fellow townsman, Monahan. It seems that Ed. could not refrain from leaving "By gones" be merely "By gones." Monty Nigro, blushing youth from Calgary, seems to have struck a new note at the Freshman Dance. Invitations have been pouring in at a great rate. Is Hastings frightened about the new "War Scare" on the Pup flat? Just ask him—4 showers in one day. Neider, on a recent Saturday evening, wore quite a combination of clothes—everyone's but his. A little tip to the teams in the "Art's League": Beware of "Dark Horse" Hanna. Ade is going to desert the Varsity for the "Art's League." With his wealth of experience, he'll bear watching, especially when it comes time to picking an "All Star" team. Why are certain members of Malloy's table going around half starved? Mike is a leading exponent of dietetics—his favorite saying, "Show me if you are a gentleman or a heel." For him it does not make any difference because it's questionable whether he exists or not. Our nomination to the hall of fame, "Duggan 'raisin' Kane." Best nickname of the week, Herman "the old gray" Maier. Tom Marinis kind of struck a stone wall in his effort to convince a certain person that Philosophy is higher than Botany. Headlines, Muggsy Malone prepares for Lakewood Dance. Join his dancing Academy. The Frenchmen have turned into wandering wanderers. 1, 2, 3 and you are out. John Daly has turned "philanthropic"; he keeps a lot of the boys in cigarettes.—Anon.

GOOD ADVICE

A good idea's to save your money
At least, so I've been told,
For money saved buys lollypops
To suck on when you're old.
—Xavarian Weekly, Antigonish, Wis.

Crusading Priest

(Continued from Page 1)

explain that the only prejudice he has in this matter is one of being for the poor man. His words were: "If AFL is for the poor man, I'm for the AFL too. As a priest, my place is with the poor. To me, CIO is now fighting for the poor, and that is my main reason for supporting the new labor outfit."

In response to further questioning, Monsignor Smith described the denouncement of the CIO from Catholic pulpits as "a horrible example of how misunderstanding can lead to unfortunate results of great magnitude." He narrated how, on a trip through New England, he encountered pamphlets, distributed by the Knights of Columbus inside Catholic churches, which described John Brophey as a red and the CIO as a seditious organization. His opinion was that the spread of such propaganda influenced priests to vilify the CIO.

When Catholic CIO members found themselves thus unjustly abused as Reds in church, they naturally showed resentment. This led in turn to the anti-clericalism about which the monsignor was first questioned.

The Crusade Begins

The Monsignor described next the beginning of his fight. One day he met some Catholic strike leaders outside a Republic Steel plant. These men expressed a desire for some support from their priests and other Catholic friends. The monsignor volunteered at once to speak at their mass meeting on the following night.

"Next day," the monsignor related, "hours before the meeting, Catholic industrialists besieged me. They wanted to know what a priest, honored as a Vicar General of the Cleveland diocese, and a Monsignor, had to do with a lawless band of strikers who, as all intelligent men knew, were radical Communists. I got up and told these insinuating industrialists that I would speak to the strikers because I had given them my word. I told them that Jesus Christ had had no fancy titles. He was the friend of the oppressed, the downtrodden, and the weary. I told them that when John the Baptist sent messengers to discover whether or no Christ were the Messiah, Jesus told them, as one of the great proofs, that 'the poor have the gospel preached to them.' As a priest, my place was with my people: the poor and the hungry. If I did not help the poor when they needed me, I betrayed my high office.

He said the present situation bears an analogy to that of Revolutionary France when the clergy allowed themselves to be misguided by the Loyalists, and came to despise the poor Republicans. He was quite firm when he said, "The anti-Union Industrialist today appeals to the clergy to protect the honor and dignity of the priesthood against the 'radicalism' and 'communism' of the working man. The Lord has warned us against the temptation and tyranny of wealth, and it would be well for us to read and re-read His sacred words lest we become traitors to His law."

The Monsignor recalled how he defied the industrialists, attended the mass-meeting, and let everyone know that he was battling for the poor and oppressed. In reply to warnings of police that there would be a riot, he stated openly before the crowd that if any riot started, the strikers would not be the instigators.

Finding the strikers could not obtain relief, the Monsignor opened a soup kitchen for them. His criterion was not whether a man was Catholic or Communist but whether or not he was starving. This is the manner in which this Assumption graduate fought to overcome the growing feeling of anti-clericalism among the steel workers.

Questioned concerning the attitude of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City toward the CIO, Monsignor Smith said he believed that Hague was misled by his advisers. His opinion was "that the kindest thing we can say about Frank Hague is that he was and is the victim of misinformed council." The monsignor held that those of the Catholic clergy and laity who attack the CIO are really sincere in their belief, but that lying propoganda permitted them to reach only the false conclusions which they have drawn. His alarm at this was apparent: "Anti-clericalism is too easy to stir up, too difficult to kill, to have its birth depend on information spread by partisans and the defenders of an unjust status quo."

The Monsignor's final words were an appeal for concerted action on the part of all priests: "The Church is for labor. The priest of today must do all he can to reach the workingman. And he must use not only words to reach the workers, but action also. If it is necessary to march on the picket line or speak at strike meetings in order to reach the workers, then the priest belongs there."

Year Book Now Under Way

Students Begin Work On First Since '30

This year, for the first time since 1930, the school is attempting to put out a Year Book. The College and High School will each have their own separate book. During the past years it has been the custom to have eight or ten pages devoted to Assumption College in the University of Western Ontario's "Occidentalia." This will not be discontinued, but there is a feeling that we should be able to have our own separate book here at Assumption.

With this in mind, a general committee has been selected. The co-editors of the College Year Book will be Messrs. Farrell and Kane, with D. W. Burke as assistant editor. Secretary of the Year Book is Mr. O. R. Blackmore and chairman of the subscription committee is Mr. John Greenan, of the patrons' committee, Mr. Tuck Monahon. Other department editors are: literary, Mr. Don Carson, activities, F. Chauvin, T. Marinis; alumni, W. Parsons; photography, Messrs. Veneni, Waggoner, Schoemer.

The members of the subscription committee have already begun their campaigning and urge your hearty support. Without your co-operation, the Year Book cannot be a success. Get behind the Year Book and put it over.

Nervous Traveler: "But suppose there is an accident and the train is dashed to pieces?"
Conductor (cheerfully): "No need to worry, the company's got plenty more trains."—The Victorian.

GREENWAYS CLOTHES SHOP
176 OUELLETTE AVE.,
Opp. Post Office
FEATURING CLOTHING FOR YOUNG MEN.

OPINIONS

During the last month the Purple and White decided to start a Personal Opinion Column in order to determine the reaction of the average student to certain proposals and events. For our first question we asked four College men, one from each year, what they thought of the proposal that the Literary Society of Assumption College be turned into a students' parliament? They were also asked their reasons for their decision and any further comment they might have to make. The following were the replies given:

R. Marentette. (Freshman) "It would be an excellent idea, for in a Students' Parliament we could have all that we have in the Literary Society, and still more. It would afford very humorous meetings and, at the same time, it would refresh the minds of the audience as to how Parliament is conducted."

J. Eansor. (Senior) "My opinion is that it would be a good idea to turn a few of the meetings of the Literary Society into a Students' Parliament; but to do so with all the meetings would become monotonous. I believe such a move would revive interest in the St. Basil's Literary Society."

H. Bridge. (Sophomore) "It would be a splendid idea, because it would afford the students an opportunity of showing more interest as a greater number of them could take part in such meetings. Certainly there would be more interest than was shown in the past. We could run the Literary Society and the Parliament alternately, that is, devote every other meeting to the Students' Parliament."

W. Burke. (Junior) "I can see no purpose in such a transformation. We might lose some of the old spirit and good-fellowship by restricting the fellows to parliamentary rules, and at the same time not create any greater interest. We can have debates and discussions in a freer manner in the present Literary Society, so why change?"

These answers indicate that an enlarged survey next month would meet with success, so we hope to get started this week in making such a survey and an even larger ballot poll permanent parts of your school paper. So watch for our announcement which will appear on the bulletin boards in the library and club-rooms.

QUILL DROPS

It has been said that this weather ought to be good enough for "Posies." May we go on record as saying that this is true. If one could have been able to see any member of the Graduation Class of '39 down at Artona Studios last week, they would have witnessed the production of many "Poses." . . . Don't let anyone tell you otherwise, but a "Boxer" is the most ethical person in the world today. He's the only chap who is always looking out for the "rights" of others. . . . "Hard Luck" McKinley is his name, folks. "Believe it or not," but while this gent was playing in the Handball Tournament recently he was hit in the eye by a ball, fell in a puddle of mud at the edge of the sidewalk a couple of times, scraped his hands, and still went on with his partner to win the match that he was playing. Here's to you Mac . . . After the smoke had cleared away from the hectic court activities of the Students' Council, Messrs. T. Hunt, J. Tighe, BeGole and Henderson, were found guilty of the various charges brought against them. Then for the next few weeks these sorrowful-looking gentlemen were seen moping about the campus fulfilling their respective sentences. . . Prosecutor Ralph Blackmore, with four convictions out of four cases since the trial in the Students' Court has been in popular demand by the Essex County Bar Association to prosecute several difficult cases, but Mr. Blackmore has refused. "I can serve no one but my school." These are the inspiring words coming from a man of Mr. Blackmore's calibre . . . Tom Eansor, the unfortunate counsel for the defense, had some very hard luck. It seems that there were too many "Objections Overruled," ringing in his ears and poor Tom thus could not do his best work . . . From all appearances the Star Witness of the whole trial was the very much crippled Mr. Albin Chaplan, whose testimony proved to be the highlight of the whole session . . . As you must know by this time there are several good Cartoonists in the school. Sufficient to mention but two are Mr. Richard Farrell and Mr. R. Blackmore . . . The Friars Club are sponsoring their annual "Football Dance" at Lakewood on December 2. Don't be afraid to sell tickets, talk it up and get others interested in the dance. Don't be selfish but let others know, bring your friends, relatives and benefactors so that all might be able to strut-on-down with the Friars . . . Among the "Jitter Bugs" whom we beheld at the Freshmen Dance were none other than that little package of dynamite "Muggsy" Malone and Swing King Benny Laker . . . Spirit, they say, has been lacking at Assumption. But this year we beg to differ with those who hold this position. We have a great Band, a very scrappy football team, plans have been made for the revival of the Assumption Year Book and not to mention numerous ways in which spirit was formerly lacking . . . "Journey's End" is the play, lads, which the dramatic society of Assumption will present to the students and public this semister. The cast has been working hard under the direction of Mr. L. Campbell and hopes that the whole student body will co-operate in any matters pertaining to the play . . . Your correspondent has been very pleased with the efficiency of the Clubroom stewards in keeping the recreation room a fit place. Co-operation with the stewards can help keep these rooms orderly and clean . . . Those interested in being enrolled in the Blessed Virgin Sodality are asked to keep their eyes open for further notices and attend the weekly services in the chapel at 10.30 every Wednesday morning . . . For your information, the Retreat Master was Father D. Wholihan from Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. These were three days of special graces and it is hoped that all students took the utmost advantage of them . . . To Fathers Garvey, Pickett and Bellisle, who have been ill during the past weeks, we express our fervent wish for complete and permanent recovery . . . And so we leave you, until next time, with the words that one bean used to another bean, "I'll bet you're stringing me."

—Frank Murphy.

"He's not the kind who stays quiet when his friends are being criticized. Oh, no! He joins right in."—The Readers Digest.

JUST FROSH

Would it be too bold if we were so presumptous as to refute the attacks made on us in the last issue? Perhaps we should consider ourselves "told off." Perhaps we should turn the other cheek. Perhaps we should bow in humble submission to those would be philosophers who waxed eloquent on the inane subject of pots, adding to their brows that look of wisdom that comes only after becoming a sophomore. It was a shame that an otherwise good paper was defaced with such an abundance of nonsense, or perhaps we should say literary refuse. The reasons set forth for pot wearing were groundless, stupid and pitiful. What is more the subject was worn to the core when every second column carried a dissertation on the matter. Very poor taste was displayed on the part of the self-styled intelligentia. But in our charity we will refrain from saying too much. Great scott, we are not a group of radical iconoclasts as the readers were led to believe. Far be it from us to destroy any traditions that are part of Assumption. In every group there is bound to be a certain minority who invariably declare their independence, but certainly an entire class cannot be condemned for the obstinacy of just a few individuals. However the storm has subsided and we have emerged somewhat wiser, for we have learned that to argue about insignificant things is to make a fool of one's self and that life is far too vast and interesting and is more than just a lot of pots.

Thumbnail Newsreel

Henderson, the "dip," returned after an extended sojourn in a Detroit hospital. When he left he had diptheria, that is the rumours said that he had it. As the week passed

(Continued on Page 7)

For
"Milk Like Cream"
THE
Purity Dairy

AID'S BAGATELLES

Bouquet Dept. Plenty of them to the members of the Senior and Junior High School rugby squads. Both twelves showed plenty of class as they managed to make the playoffs in their respective leagues. Also to Pat Flood and Jim McKinley, recent winners of the day scholars handball tournament. They swept through a clever group of handballers to win the fall championship. Likewise to Diz Dugan and Bud Engels who were the winners of the Boarders' Bridge tournament.

Did You Know—Don Auten and Don "Red" Benson of the class of '42 are two of the best soccer players ever to be developed in the Roch., N.Y. high schools? Both made the All City team three years in succession. Howard Flynn played 180 minutes in the first three Varsity grid games. A real iron man; Dave Burke had several 70's during the past golf season; Gerard Cecile of the freshmen class is rated one of the best shortstops in Ontario. In a recent play-off game for the city championship Cecile pounded out two home runs; Tad Keenan of the Jr. High squad is this columnist's candidate for Frank Merriwell honors. Young Keenan was the main cog in more story book finishes during the past rugby season than most athletes are during their life time. Dick McDonald was the most improved footballer on the Varsity when the season ended. Tom "Red" Dunn and "Sully" Dunn, although they are first cousins, never had the pleasure of meeting one another until they met on the campus. Incidently, Tom Dunn, when he played with the St. Michael Majors, was one of the top-notch goal tenders in the hockey business. Assumption is going to have a wrestling team this year and with such material as Alec Newman, last year's Dominion champ, the sturdy Chippy Chaplin, Sad Sam Sasso and Benny Lakeer, it should be a strong aggregation of grunt and groan experts. The average weight of the Varsity football club was 155 lbs., probably the lightest college squad in the country. Whenever asked about his football team, Coach Connelly has plenty of adjectives for them when relating what a great crowd of lads they are. The officials of the Arts basketball league are greatly worried over the fact that Tom Marinis might not put a team in the league. Without Marinis' Madmen to supply the color the league will be a big disappointment to many of its followers. That Lewis Onorato has been nicknamed the Black Scourge for his great performance in the Lawrence Tech fracas. If you fellows wish to be real sportsmen you should back the Friars' Football Frolic 100%. It's really a worthy cause, boys, and deserves plenty of support from the entire student body.

Albion Powerhouse Routs Assumption

Heavier Eleven Runs Roughshod Over Varsity 25-0

A strong Albion College football team ran roughshod over a game but outweighed and outmanned Varsity eleven as it scored four touchdowns and an extra point to win 25-0.

Albion wasted little time in getting under way. Following the kickoff, Ed. Lidlow, Albion halfback, raced around the end on a 60 yard run to put the ball on the Assumption 20. Two plays later he cracked off tackle for the first score of the game. Albion scored its second touchdown on a pass from Lindow to Beban just before the quarter ended.

In the second quarter the Purples battled their heavier opponents to a standstill. Taking to the air with Ed. Westfall doing the tossing they twice threatened the Albion goal line but each time intercepted passes put a damper on their touchdown bids.

The second half was a case of lambs being led to the slaughter as the tired and battled Varsity fought bravely but in vain to stem the Albion tide.

Albion tallied twice more in the third period when Luxenberg threw a 10 yard pass to McElhaney in the end zone. The final score was made when Luxenberg climaxed an 80 yard march by slicing off tackle from the 15 yard line. Ferguson added the extra point.

Despite Albion's lop sided victory the Assumption gridders deserve a great deal of credit. Outweighed 15 pounds to a man the Purples displayed a world of courage as they never gave up and were still trying when the final gun sounded.

Bluffton Outlucks Assumption Eleven

Varsity Outplays Foes, But Ends Season With Defeat

The Varsity closed the football season going to defeat at the hands of Bluffton College 20-7. In a contest which saw the Purples outplay their Ohio opponents in every department of the game the Varsity lost the fracas in the first five minutes when Bluffton capitalized on a fumble, block kick and a 70 yard run.

Following the kickoff, Leo Reaume's punt was blocked by a swarm of Bluffton players and rolled over the goal line where it was pounced on by Tetlow for the first Bluffton score. Tetlow added the extra point. Their second touchdown occurred when Bill Moyer, flashy visitors' quarterback, caught Reaume's 50 yard punt and raced 70 yards for a touchdown. The Beavers from Ohio scored their final touchdown when a Purple back fumbled the kickoff which was recovered by Bluffton on our 15. Two plays later Tetlow cut through tackle for six points. He also added the extra point.

For the remaining three quarters the Varsity dominated the play but the damage had been done. In the second quarter Assumption scored its touchdown of the afternoon when Ed Westfall faded back and threw a 15 yard pass to Lewie Onorato who fought his way across the goal line.

Statistics reveal how clearly the Varsity outplayed their Ohio rivals as they rolled up 14 first downs to their four.

Three of the Assumption gridders donned the familiar Purple and White colors for the last time. E. Cronin, Muggsy Malone and Chuck Sweeney will receive their sheep skins in June. In their swan song performance they all turned in brilliant performances.

Lawrence Tech '11' Overpowers Varsity

Detroit Outfit Passes and Smashes to 28-8 Win

Assumption bowed to a heavier Tech outfit Saturday, Nov. 5, at Ives Field in Detroit 28-8. Lawrence pushed over three touchdowns in the first half. The first score was the result of a pass, Laurix to Ulter. Laurix accounted for the second tally on an off-tackle smash. Jelsch crashed over tackle from the two-yard line to end the scoring in the first half. Assumption made its only serious bid at the start of the third quarter when a pass, Westfall to Wagoner, was good for 50 yards. A few plays later Reaume went over from the two-yard stripe. Jelsch was smeared behing the goal line by a host of Purple tacklers for a safety, and this concluded the Assumption offensive for the day.

Laurix continued his great offensive work by scoring a fourth touchdown and then kicking the extra point. Later in the fourth quarter, Reaume was trapped behind his own goal line to give Lawrence its final two points.

High School Sub-Minums Close Successful Season

The high school sub-minums closed a successful season with a 13-0 victory over St. Catherine's of Detroit. This win gave them a season's record of seven successful encounters as against only one defeat. The personnel of the team includes such stalwarts as Janisse, Charbonneau, Hucker, Lamotte, Lippold, Heufelder, Maus, Moons, Fram, Mousseau, McHale and Kratovila. These fellows, as well as the other members of the squad are to be congratulated on their great success.

Vote for

DAVE CROLL

For Mayor

Success of Band Lies in Your Aid

Catholic Central Proves Value of Co-operation

Assumption band made its first appearance to the general public in the first of two "Merry-Go-Round" shows on Wednesday evening, November 9th. . . . The stalwarts of music have added many new selections to their repertoire and after tedious practice, won new laurels after the performance. . . . Especially well played was the school song, Purple and White . . . The Ferris game incident which brought the Catholic Central band of Detroit to vie for honours with ours apparently has provoked the members to plod more diligently at sharps and flats. Each night finds the congregation enveloped in sheet music and with attentive eye they observe with care the exacting direction of Professor Sabia.

Catholic Central's marching and field formations were expertly handled, not to mention the high quality of the music. An interesting note is that this band is but three years old. Its first performance was a sad affair. However, it was only through long hours of practise and support of the student body that it has attained the position that it holds today. Its last engagement was played on the "big time"—Briggs Stadium. If such success can be had by a high school band, certainly Assumption can do as well. At any rate the process of building a band is no easy task. Equipment is a secondary factor. Firstly we must have co-operation from everyone. We must all boost the band in any way that we possibly can. Band members must be faithful. They must not complain that the band is worthless. These are the type who make it worthless. Naturally everything that was ever worthwhile was wrought by honest toil. Every member should and must give his "all" to the organization.

Sacrifices will have to be made. But after all everyone has to offer some sacrifice occasionally. We are confident that the band will see fine fruition by June if these points are kept in mind. Instructions in marching and field formation are to be given in the very near future and complete uniforms are already in the offing.

HI-LIGHTS

V-year.

Tom Decourcey finds Algebra more difficult the second year. You can come to school now, Peck; the examinations are over. Les Nantais, the chemistry flash, is thinking of introducing a new theory—"more work, more marks." Says McLister, "Is reveiller the same as lever?" Says Fr. Kaul, "Awakening and arising are two entirely different actions." Edwin Clifford's social activities have been interfering with his Trig. marks.

IV-year.

Leo Thibodeau told Father Mallon that the Oracle of Apollo, 700 B.C., was a place where the results of the forthcoming football games could be foretold. I wonder if Jerry Blake brings his bow and arrows over occasionally?

II-A.

For once Fr. Harrison could not yell at John Davis and Chuck Gallagher for fighting in class because of a bad case of horseness. We wonder why Mr. Follis always enters Algebra class with a wide grin on his face and then casts a suspicious look at Milton Flynt for his homework.

II-D.

II-D wishes to inform everybody that the reporter from this class, Bud Finch, is sick. Not that it is his fault, but if this column appears sub-par, don't blame the pinch-hitter. This class seems to have had a joke craze Nov. 10, for everybody was blowing jokes to each teacher. Bud Reynolds broke down in the middle of one crack, the joke being: "Have you heard of the great race?" "No—What race?" "The Human Race?"—Ha! Ha!—or don't you think it's funny either? Well this is your P. and W. signing off, who just found out that Bud Finch got over heated while playing rugby. Mr. Follis should take better care of his boys.

II-B.

Hebert is making headlines these days, says Father Young. Ferron, who is a Frenchman, has joined the Essex Scottish regiment. Poole, who has been away for some time, just came back the other day. Hebert seems to be having trouble with a few of the teachers—mostly Father Donlon and Father Young.

Commercial.

Bob Byrnes says: "That some girls use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks, but some girls use color in their cheeks to get dumb bells.

Other News

What happened to Herb Delany during the Albion-Assumption fracas? School spirit needn't go that far, Herb. Mr. O'Rily has quite a load on his shoulders as the swimming instructor for beginners. There is one boy about 17 years old. The others do not like the coldness of the water, but Mr. Rily struggles on. It seems that Joe Senglar, George Torquet and Gordon Reynolds are teaming up to make a little swing-band. Joe plays the piano, George gives out on the clarinet, while Gordon is a first class hide-beater. They used to play at the show on Friday nights, but since then they have been unfortunately unemployed.

"The Catholic Divided Front is more a product of individualistic Americanism than of Catholicism. Let us be more Catholic and less individualistic."—The Christian Front.

JUST FROSH

(Continued from Page 5)

on the rumours fluttered about and Henderson had scarlet fever on Monday, Measles on Tuesday, Mumps on Friday and finally, "Keep it under your hat, but they're going to quarantine the place." At length the rumours broke the news that we were to place an early order for lilies. One of his feminine admirers sent a chaste sprig of poison ivy. However, Henderson returned much to our bewilderment and announced that he had a case of athlete's foot. (And they shot McKinley!)

F. Shoemer, D. Brooks, J. Vinini and J. Pope announce that their dark room in the college wing is now open and that they will develop pictures for students. This quartet has organized a camera club with Father Kaul as director. New members are welcome to join for the organization promises to give an excellent insight into the art of photography . . . Quod scripsi, scripsi.

—Dick Farrell.

Essays from High School Students

Find Good Reading Useful, Early Rising Irksome

GOOD READING

Good reading is one of the most important things a man has to do if he wants to talk and to write well. Before a person can write well he has to learn how and this can be done by reading books written by great authors such as Dickens and Shakespeare. If a person doesn't read good books he will not know the correct words to use in his speech and writing. Persons who read comics and books which are not written well will never learn to speak and write properly. The use of slang and the misuse of words are signs that a person does not read good books. "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit."—T. Alissi.

ON GETTING UP

It is nice to get up in the morning, that is, under some conditions. But when it comes to rolling out at 6.15 every morning at the sound of a bell which at that early hour seems to ring for an eternal length of time, this is not at all pleasant, especially when the mornings are cold and dark. Often one oversleeps or despises the bell only to have the blankets ruthlessly jerked off by a heartless master. This is a very unpleasant experience. Then one almost freezes while descending what seems to be endless flights of stairs. But as you go through this experience every day you may as well get used to it and do it willingly and cheerfully.—Mark Dalton.

Dignity is one thing that can't be preserved in alcohol. —The St. Bona Venture.

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Jack Laughlin in London Hospital

Former Librarian Recuperates at Queen Alexandra 'San'

Those who are not new to Assumption and who know the Library, of old, may have been wondering where our old friend "Jack" Laughlin is. It is a natural feeling, for Jack was an institution around the place if there ever was one. Well, for the benefit of those who have not known what has happened to him, and who have been too diffident to ask, Jack is in the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium in London, where he is absorbing large quantities of cod liver oil and sunshine. He was taken ill this past summer and advised to go to the "San." Unfortunately, the Essex County building is full and Jack had to be shipped down to London. However, a new wing has been added here and we are expecting our erstwhile colleague to take up residence on Prince Road sometime after Christmas. He can then give an audience to all who would like to see and talk to him again.

Newcomers scarcely know more about Mr. Laughlin than his name and the fact that he used to be librarian. However, old-timers will long remember him, not only as a thoroughly capable librarian but as a storehouse of information. There were few subjects about which Jack couldn't tell you something and he could show you much more in the books he knew so well. Thoroughly versed in current events and trends, he was a keen critic and intelligent talker. There are few laymen who know as much as Jack knew, and knows, about the drama. He could tell you anything — how many shows were running on Broadway in 1923, the effect of Jesse Bonstelle on the movies, and why he thought O'Neill a better play-wright than Galsworthy.

We are looking forward to his return to our vicinity. In the meantime he would no doubt appreciate a line from some of his old pals whom he helped over many a troublesome stile with a handy reference. He's a good correspondent, we hear, and guarantees immediate reply. The entire student body and faculty, we are sure, wish Jack a rapid recovery and a speedy return.

THE NAME

By EILEEN DUGGAN

We make that lovely sighing sound
A thing too far away,
A word and not the little name
His mother used to say.

Why do we never think of her
As standing at the gate,
A dim, blue patience in the dusk?
"Jesus, come home; it's late."

Or in a dust of silver drops
When eaves are crying eyes,
"Jesus, the rain has made you grow,
You soon will touch the skies."

First Rate Stage Plays Continue at Cass

Since it is to be expected that college men should evince a continually growing interest in the arts as they become more accustomed to their delights, it was thought a few remarks on what is being done professionally in the drama within the reach of Assumption students would not be out of place on this page. Inasmuch as Detroit is considered a "tank-town" as far as the fine arts are concerned, there is only one legitimate theatre, the Cass, operating in that fair city so we will perforce confine our comments to what goes on there.

Already this season five shows have been presented at the Cass: namely, "Golden Boy," "You Can't Take It With You," "The Women," "Herod and Mariamne," and a musical, "Pins and Needles," in that order. We would like greatly to indulge in our impressions of these plays, but space forbids so we herewith recommend that you look up the past issues of "Theatre Arts Monthly" for a criticism of them. We can't go by, however, without taking our hats off to Odets' "Golden Boy," and we predict the Detroit critics are going to get an awful kick in the same place they booted Catherine Cornell and Fritz Kortner when they said "Herod and Mariamne" would not click because of its heaviness.

Last came Ethel Barrymore to the Cass in Mayo de la Roche's "Whiteoaks" and official Windsor, represented by Mayor Wigle, was there in a flag-bedecked box, because, as you know, the play, the author, and several members of the cast are Canadians.

Following "Whiteoaks" come the Lunts in "Amphitryon 38" with the rush for seats already under way. Incidentally, the Lunts' version of Chechov's "The Sea Gull" follows the next week. New York critics said it was the best performance of this play in their memory.

THE ROSARY

There is one harp that any hand can play
And from its strings what harmonies arise.
There is one song that any mouth can say
A song that lingers when all singing dies;
When on the beads our Mother's children pray,
Immortal music charms the grateful skies.

—Joyce Kilmer.

Mystical Poetry Dazzles Juniors

Blake Brings Many Wrinkles To Third Year Brows

English 30 literary conundrums are perplexing the nonplus gallant 3d year lads. Stimulated research into the dusty murky files of 18th century classical poetry unearthed an eccentric, quasi-poetic gentleman—a certain Mr. Blake, whose ideological concepts fascinate one with their utter lack of rationality or purpose. After a generous expenditure of scholastic effort in a vain attempt to unravel Mr. Blake's irrationality, the 3d year men fell back unstrung and exhausted, for their endeavors had yielded them naught.

It must be understood that Mr. Blake is not a finished and polished gentleman of distinctive literary tastes, but rather a stubborn, egoistic, bombastical dream artist who preys upon the incredulity of the people with erratic, abortive poetry, clothed in symbolical and beautiful verbiage. Blake's pseudo-intellectualism and religious apostasies are the insane products of a diseased intellect. Being satisfied with a mere half of a twisted idea, he seeks to conjure up fanciful arrays of inconsistent ideologies. This literary chiropractor administered diabolical treatments of mysticism in an attempt to remedy evils which did not exist. He poured into the sick literary world a fantastic concoction of poetic pills which although they have been mouthed, have never been digested. So this, my friends, may also account for the tuckered-out, feline expression on the erudite features of our 3d year men during the past decade or so.

—E. E. Baillargeon.

"The wage-earner is not to receive as alms that which is his due in justice."—Pope Pius XI.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

PURPLE & WHITE

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Vol 13 ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, WINDSOR, ONT., DECEMBER, 1938 No. 3

THE FIRST GLANCE

Taking Inventory

WITH Christmas vacation at our doorstep, it would be well if each of us took inventory of his actions as a member of the student body during the past term. We might call this an "examination of conscience" on the part we took in school affairs. For instance, each student might ask himself the following questions:

Did you attend both school dances? Did you hear all or any of the Christian Culture Lectures? Did you support and encourage the football team, whether in victory or defeat? Did you take an interest in the activities of the Student's Council, and were you present at all the pep rallies? Did you behave as a gentleman in your club-room? What concern had you for the success of the Dramatic Society, the School Band, or any other such organizations? Were you constructive in your criticism of things of which you disapproved, or were you only a "chronic kicker?"

Finally, and most important, how well have you prepared yourself for the swiftly-approaching examinations? For the other failings you can make recompense next term; but, although these exams come at mid-year, they are final in every respect. You may hope to catch up on back work during the holidays, but it is already later than you think.

Things That Have Been

ANY resume of Assumption activities during the past month must necessarily be a record of no little achievement. Not only were our extra-curricular affairs numerous but they were eminently successful. The Lecture League presented five excellent lectures: Emmet Lavery's discourse on the theatre, Kuhnelt-Leddihin's description of life in Soviet Russia, and Jacques Maritain's three discussions on philosophy, science, and current trends. By the way, the inside story of the secret meetings held after these lectures, in Father Lee's room, is finally disclosed on another page of this issue.

The Friars' Club put on a dance that can be described as successful in more ways than one. We have yet to hear any criticism of this dance, and we feel sure that the only disappointed ones were those who stayed away. The music supplied by Al. Edwards was the best we have heard at local dances in quite some time. No individual member of the Friars' Club can be singled out for praise, but all deserve sincere congratulations.

During the week following the dance, excitement was supplied by the Windsor civic elections. This, of course, is not purely Assumption news, but the result of the balloting had a profound effect on some of our students. It is rumoured that Ralph Blackmore now shies away at first glimpse of a wheelbarrow.

In the field of sports, Assumption's basketballers got under way; more complete details of their career will be found on our sports pages.

In the entertainment department, the Dramatic Society delayed production of "Journey's End" until after the mid-year examinations; but the Band came through by presenting the Assumption Merry-Go-Round on last Wednesday evening. A description of this successful event will be found on one of our inside pages. Our congratulations go out to Father Harrison, and to his noble helpers; and we extend thanks, in the name of the student body, to those outside entertainers who assisted in the affair.

Things To Come

AS far as extra-curricular affairs go, Assumption now enters a period of quietude almost as complete as the retreat. For the next two weeks, the corridors will be shrouded in the near-silence of vacation. Then the pressure of the mid-year exams will cause a suspension of all activity except the desperate burrowing into text-books.

However, the Christian Culture Series will resume its activities on January 19, with a discussion of current books by Rev. James A. Magner. Then Father Flanagan, famed founder of Boy's Town, will bring us a description of his youthful community on Feb. 12. The final lecture before our next issue will be Rev. Mooney's lecture on the subject, "Youth Is on the March." The young men of Assumption can bear out this claim by showing their interest in these lectures.

We have little information concerning Assumption activities in other fields, but we understand that the long-awaited performance of "Journey's End" will be staged by our local thespians some time in February. Also, we are informed that the Literary Society will show sufficient activity to make up for its lethargy during the past.

As for sports, the basketball team has twelve games scheduled during January and early February, including one with Western, and another with University of Detroit. So, after we escape from the dampening atmosphere of the exams, we may expect January to be an extremely busy month.

L'Affaire Blake

DURING his junior year, the ordinary Assumption student encounters a rather wild-eyed poet going under the very placid-sounding cognomen of Blake. In nine cases out of ten, said student, bewildered by the intricacies of Blake's verse, comes to the conclusion that the man must have been a raving maniac. Later research into the poet's religious background may alter this view; but for the first few weeks at least, one has the vague notion that he is studying the works of a psychopathic patient. So, when an article which put into vivid language this first impression of Blake was presented for publication in our last issue, the editor-in-chief innocently enough printed it, little suspecting that it would fan into life the flames of controversy. Now, however, some ardent literature student who calls himself Pro Veritate enters the lists in defense of our poet, and says quite a few nasty things about the article, its author, and, alas, the literary editors.

For the article we make no apologies, nor do we defend its author. It is merely the expression of opinion of one student, bewildered, perhaps, by the first fiery onslaught of mystical verse. However, in all justice to those innocent victims, our literary editors, it may be said that they never saw the article in question, at least, not until it appeared in our columns. Rather, the blame, if any, must rest upon the shoulders of the editor-in-chief.

As a matter of fact, we had quite enough discussion on Mr. Blake last year. As nearly as we can remember, the 1938 English 30 class decided that Blake was eccentric, but sane. Nevertheless, it is not hard to appreciate Mr. Baillargeon's feelings, and it is true that some noted critics argue against the poet's sanity. So, if Mr. Baillargeon wishes to assemble his authorities and state his case more fully, he is welcome to the use of our columns. But please leave us and the literary editors out of it. We have other trials and tribulations.

PURPLE & WHITE

Published by the students of Assumption College, Windsor, Ontario.

Editor in Chief—John Philp.

Managing Editor—John Riordan.

Sports Editors—Ade. Hanna, Charles Sweeney.

Lit. Editors—S. Bull, J. Hartford.

Associate Editors—Tom Marinis, R. Blackmore, F. Murphy, M. Hussey, R. Farrell, Carl Grassi.

Business Manager—N. Godo.

CHRISTMAS

THE other night, at the movies, sliced in between pictures of the war in China and scenes of a group of convicts on their way to Devil's Island, a group of men were shown cutting and preparing evergreens for Christmas.

The oddness of this struck home with force. On the one hand we had a glimpse of people expecting bombs to drop from the skies at any moment, on the other a group of unfortunate souls condemned to a modern hell on earth; and between the two, men cutting the trees with which our homes are decorated at Christmas. Surely a contrast to make even the most unobserving and callous see that our world is full of strange ironies.

As our own country is terrorized by no foreign invasion, torn by no bloody and useless civil war, we are perhaps too prone to pride ourselves on our own government, our own habits, and our own way of life. On every side we are preparing for the greatest of holidays—Christmas. Stores are full of searching shoppers, of gifts, and of fat turkeys. The mails are heavier day by day with the load of Christmas mail. Presents are bought and wrapped and we prepare ourselves in countless ways for the holiday.

But is this all for which Christmas stands? Is it merely a time that we buy presents and decorate trees and perhaps, give smug thanks in some cases, like the Pharisee in the temple, that we are not like others? No! Let it rather be for us, as for all sincere Christians, a period of remembrance and hearty thanksgiving. Let us rather turn again to God the Father, who has been merciful to us. Let us regard the sinners, and realize that we, too, are numbered in their mighty hordes. Let us give humble and hearty thanks for our countless blessings and remember that love which passeth all understanding. Let this be our Christmas.

"U. S. encounters obstacles at Lima."—Headline. Is that the way to treat a sweetheart?

THE WINDSOR ELECTION

ENOUGH interest in the recent Windsor election was displayed by Assumption students to justify an editorial comment on this event. We would never deny that we are sympathetic with the cause of labor, but we have learned never to be over-sanguine concerning labor's political victories. In fact, we find ourselves in partial agreement with the stand taken by the Windsor Daily Star on the question of the election. The labor representatives in Windsor have certainly been given an excellent opportunity for justifying the confidence which the electorate has placed in them. It is their responsibility to make the most of that opportunity during the next two years.

However, we differ from the Star on one important point. Although it is the duty of any good government to consider the interests of all the people, it would be manifestly unjust for a labor administration to neglect the interests of the workers who supported it. As a matter of fact, the Star has never failed to applaud the promises of Gov.-elect Fitzgerald of Michigan to the effect that his government will favor the interests of a certain economic class. We do not believe in the furtherance of injustice by any party. But we have no doubt about the side on which injustice has lain in the past, and we do believe in the removal of that injustice.

ANOTHER CRISIS

EUROPE never fails us. Whenever life grows dull, and we find that there is nothing to worry about except exams, essays, and the next edition of the Purple and White, the sword-rattlers manage to bring out the scare-heads and dispel our boredom. Take, for instance, the gratifying manner with which Signor Mussolini's little helpers shattered the usual post-election calm. No sooner had the trumpetings of the revivified Republican elephant faded somewhat, than the Italians began chanting a chorus entitled, "We want Tunisia!" This, of course, made the already unbearable life of Mr. Daladier all the less livable, and induced the French premier to make some very nasty remarks.

What alarms us most, however, is the prediction by Mr. Walter Lippmann that all this noise is merely a means of diverting French and British attention from a prospective annexation of certain Polish areas by the Germans. As it turned out, Herr Hitler chose to press his claim in Memel rather than in Poland, but the fact remains that the Italian dictator acted merely as a distractor from the main action. And it is evident that he must have been promised something to do so.

Having regard, always, for the right of free speech, this paper allows full expression of personal opinions to all columnists, provided they do not err in matters of faith and morals. If any objections are felt to anything said in this issue concerning controversial subjects, the right of free speech extends to the objectors as well; they are free to use the correspondence column to express their opinion.

A GUEST EDITORIAL

ONE of the greatest tributes that has ever been paid to literature is the censorship which the state and the Church have found necessary to levy upon it. It is said that the nobility of France laughed at the first edition of Rousseau's "Social Contract," but the second edition was bound in the hides of those who laughed at the first. The Church will for good reasons give scholars a dispensation to read books that are on the index, but that dispensation is like a military permission to visit the firing zone. It saves one from court martial, but it is no guarantee against flying bullets. We all know that Ernest Renan read himself out of the Church and that Newman read himself into it.

Books are like medicines in a drug store: Some are helpful; some are harmful; some perhaps are merely harmless. If we read harmful literature, the whole country will come to grief; if we read helpful literature, we too often waste time. A non-Catholic who desires to enter the Church will begin by reading her literature. If we want to remain in the faith, we shall be wise to strengthen ourselves by studying our Church's writings. If all the world would read our literature, our Christian culture, which builded the great Western world, would return.

Every culture is at best an attitude of mind. That attitude which prevails will mark the people—mark them as Catholic or pagan or communistic. And at present thousands of writers are trying to win the world to their way of thinking. Each author is more than a literary man, a debater, a lawyer; he is a governor.

What will my reading of Catholic literature mean to me in later life? It will have fashioned an attitude of mind that we can call Catholic-mindedness. It will result in my being an educated person, trained to think and to judge the affairs of men in a Christlike manner. It will make my living most worth-while, for it will have helped me to that ideal which the heavenly Father had in mind for me when He created me. My secure position in society will be envied by all those who are befuddled and wearied with the job of living. With the aid of God's grace my life will be an influence upon others, and I, co-operating with the efforts of my co-religionists, shall help these others into the Church, I shall help make the world one and happy again, as it was before the blight of the Reformation.—By Rev. Herbert O. H. Walker, S.J.

BRASS TACKS

THE flames of racial prejudice and religious intoleration burn ever brightly. According to Walter Lippmann, and other intelligent observers, public opinion today is more bitter and intolerant than it has been for years. Is it? One's mind can turn back rather easily to the presidential election of 1928, and one Alfred E. Smith. And the Ku Klux Klan. Going back two decades one can recall the vituperation heaped upon the Boche. Going farther back, we find the pages of history smeared with the dirty fingers of abortive movements—The A. P. A., Know-Nothingism, Native-Americanism—to name but a few. These flourished in the United States, that bulwark of democratic ideals. To go back a century or two in the history of Europe is to see even more plainly the spirit of repression that flares with strange regularity throughout the pages of re-recorded history. It would be a barren pursuit, but interesting, to plot the "curves of repression." We might then find that not alone in the business world do we have cycles.

* * * *

TYRANNY OF WORDS

Speaking of religious toleration in a recent history class, the professor pointed out the inadequacy of the word "toleration" used in this connection. According to Webster, "toleration" is the "allowance of that which is not wholly approved;" and apparently religious toleration was just that in the beginning. Today, however, "religious toleration" connotes the idea of freedom of conscience, and freedom of worship, both of which ideals are highly approved by all right-thinking people. Yet words have such a tenacity that they hang on long after the meaning has changed. If a dictionary is used with any regularity, many similar worn out words will be discovered. If a dictionary is too bulky, Stuart Chase will serve as a fairly reliable cicerone, and his book, "The Tyranny of Words" as a convenient Baedeker for a tour among the antiquities and curiosities of the English language "as she is spoke."

* * * *

THE PELLUCID PILLAR

When Detroit sits down to its morning cup of coffee, it not infrequently imbibes at the same time of mental stimulant in the form of The Detroit Free Press. This paper might be called "reactionary"; it might also be called a lot of other things, — and it frequently is. The fact remains that it wields a wide influence. The oracle of this paper vents his spleen in a column captioned "Good Morning!" This column is devoted alternately to the bestowal of praise on such things as motor magnates, and bagpipe music, and the condemnation of such things as stamp collecting, gold, Father Coughlin, and the Roosevelt Administration. Occasionally, the oracle steps off the plank and into the sea of philosophy or economics, a procedure that is likely to totally unnerve anyone who harbors some thoughts for the oracle's safety, — or merely some thoughts.

In a recent column, this purveyor of pabulum to pampered plutocrats, made the following statement: "Father Coughlin is doing the Roman Catholic Church no service by his rows with the Jews."

That looks like a fairly innocent statement, simple and to the point. Yet even to this untutored mind, whose indifference to Fr. Coughlin is only surpassed by that which he experiences toward The Free Press, the erroneous thinking implied in the statement is evident.

In the first place, Fr. Coughlin speaks as an individual. While he may quote the Pope, he does not speak as his representative. His remarks may carry the permission of Rome, but not necessarily its approval. Certainly his choice of words, and style of oratory offend against the second great Commandment, as well as against propriety, but the faults of the individual cannot in justice be laid againt the Church's door.

Secondly, Fr. Coughlins remarks certainly do not constitute a "row". They may not be always in the best taste, the facts may be garbled or actually untrue, but no one who has listened to the broadcasts with an open, if slightly antagonistic mind, there appeared to be nothing in his speech to cause a row. His remarks should be taken for what they are—one man's opinion.

Finally, the remarks were not directed against "the Jews" but against a certain class of Jews—against a class, in fact, which is not limited to Jews in membership, but includes gentiles of both Catholic and Protestant persuasion.

This fact must be borne in mind: Fr. Coughlin has an equal right with The Pellucid Pillar and all other articulate Americans to express his opinions. The fact that he is a priest does not limit that right, but common sense does. "The right of free speech," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "does not imply the right to shout 'Fire!' in a crowded theatre."

* * * *

THE ALMA MYSTERY

A news dispatch from Alma, Michigan, reveals the unexpected return of prosperity to Alma College. A telephone collector opened a pay telephone coin box in a girls' dormitory and found 99 pennies, 47 slugs, — and four nickels! The question arises, how did the four nickels ever get in there?

* * * *

WHY PURPLE AND WHITE?

Among life's minor mysteries lies this unsolved problem: Why is the college paper called "The Purple & White?" I know these are the school colors. Every school has its colors—apparently to distinguish its athletic teams. But what other school ever conceived of the grotesque idea of naming a school paper after the school colors? And what bloodless aethete carried the idea to the ultimate absurdity and had the paper printed in the school colors?

* * * *

AMERCANS IN PARIS

"Sleepy Jim" Crowley and his troup of pigskin toters invaded Paris a few days ago, and regaled 25,000 Frenchmen with their interpretation of the game of football as played in a downpour of rain. According to the New York Times correspondent French critics were of the impression that the sport was a combination of rugby, soccer and basketball added to wrestling and bull-fighting. What—no water polo?

* * * *

AMATEURISM VS. COMMERCIALISM

The hue and cry is being raised again. Hutchins of Chicago and Dodds of Printeton are both lined up against commercialism in football. President Dodds points to the attempt at secrecy as conclusive proof that there is something dishonorable about subsidizing athletes. It is unfortunate that these subsidies have to be made under the table, but there is nothing unfortunate about subsidies. Lucky the fellow who can get one! And why not? Is there anything wrong in a subsidy considered in itself? If there is, then a drastic revision is necessary in the whole educational setup. What are scholarships but subsidies? True, there is a world of difference between a scholar and an athlete. Their talents lie in different fields. The intellectual is the higher but is not the athletic also of importance? Why rule out the athlete simply because he labors on the gridiron? If we're going to be strictly logical, we must then eliminate from all part time jobs those who labor for their tuition.

No, there is nothing wrong in the subsidy. The wrong arises with the unfortunate characteristics of Americans to carry good things to excess. Even this, however, is a lesser evil than the intellectual puritanism of a Dodds.

* * * *

REQUIRED READING

Most college students are vitally concerned with the possibilities of getting a job, during school or after graduation. To these we heartily recommend the talk by W. J. Cameron on "Self Starters." A copy may be had gratis by writing to the Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

—John J. Riordan.

Lux Mundi

Lady, we thought this splendor was a star.
Through the lone desert nights above our tent,
Its blaze outshone by far
The whole white glory of the firmament.
And so we traced it even to this last place,
But now, behold, an Infant with a radiant face!

—Joachim Smet, O. Carm.—
from The Victorian.

Society today still remains in a strained and therefore unstable and uncertain state, being founded on classes with contradictory interests and hence opposed to each other, and consequently prone to enmity and strife.—Pope Pius XI.

Christmas and New Year Greetings!

DOWLER'S

The Store for Dad and His Lad

on Ouellette at Sandwich.

CHATTERWRACK

This is the Joyous Season so we begin by wishing all of our readers a Merry Christmas and may your New Year be a Happy one.

What a grand dance last week. Our compliments to the Friars' Club on the huge success of the party. "Muggs" Malone brought the Christmas spirit with him in the form of a whistle. His antics certainly enliven a party.

We notice that Tom Hastings won the famous Monahan-Hastings feud. Monahan claims he rejected the date due to a cold. Bill "Stamp" Burke and "Bouncer" Nigro were efficient doorkeepers until a comely gentleman came stag, and crashed the gate. We ask you is that nice boys!

We will be assured of a good Hockey season—no defeats, no victories, no tie games. That's a record which speaks for itself.

The battle is on in the Arts Basketball league. Prexy Hanna predicts a great season. Killer "Scoop" Sweeney has rounded a team into shape that may prove troublesome.

While most of the fellows are trying to dig up an excuse to get out of classes early, there is one who is attempting to explain **why** he got out ahead of schedule.

The Arts Basketball League is producing some sharp David Harums. Chux "Cardinal" Sweeney and Ed. Cronin are still trying to get the best of one another. Sweeney wishes to trade Monahan but unfortunately Cronin refuses to offer more than a box of matches for "Tucker." Sweeney is seriously considering making the trade, claiming that "Tucker" is a trouble maker. Hal Perfect, manager of the Philosophers, says that one of his best assets is John Daley. Besides being a capable player, John is making plans to banquet the club when his team cops the championship.

John (Bunk) Meagher must be a gypsy at heart. You can be sure, in case you are looking for him, that the last place to look is in his room.

Thomas (Heller) Sackett possesses the most tranquil manner of any boarder we know. Anyone who can present his line of conversation and still be sincere is not ordinary.

QUILL DROPS

Here's wishing all the readers of this column (if any) a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; and while we're on the subject of Christmas, your correspondent begs leave to tell you one of the stories contained in "His Christmas Story Book" which he sneaked out of his Ma's closet; but don't tell the kids there's no Santa Claus, otherwise several fathers and mothers will be on this columnist's neck. Here she is, boys, a real thriller entitled, "No More Rabbit Stew," or "Saved by a Hair."

How often do I get bored, when, after spending a restless night, I must come down each morning to cook my daily ration of bacon and eggs. How monotonous it gets cooking the same old grub each day.

One morning I decided to have some fresh meat instead of my usual order of bacon and eggs. I put on a pair of boots, two sizes too large, and after loading my gun, which was a double-barreled cannon, I managed to sling it over my shoulder, and although it dulled my shoulder blades, I trudged happily along into the forest. After much beating about the bush, I sat down to rest beside a small but deep stream. While sitting there smoking a Camel, for I was badly in need of a "lift" for my gun, although a Chesterfield would have been much better, I turned about and saw a grizzly bear with two Chicago baseball players (Cubs) stealthily approaching me from the rear. A crash in the bushes ahead drew my attention, and there I perceived a deer coming down to the stream for a drink, as there were no drinking-fountains in the middle of the woods. Then, Heavens above! Overhead there appeared, as if by magic, a flock of partridges. I was in the state of confusion (even though it is not shown on our modern maps), and I did not know what to do. I grabbed my gun, shouldered it, pulled both triggers. Bang! Bang! The bullet from one barrel tore upstream and killed the deer. The other went up in the air and sprinkled the water with partridges. The shock tore the gun from my hand and went backwards and killed the approaching bear. Meantime I was hurled into the stream. To my surprise, when I crawled on the bank, I had two boots full of three foot salmon. Oh, what a thrill! I slung the bear over my shoulder, put the fish on a string, and slung the deer and partridges over the barrel of my gun, and turned joyfully for home.

On the way, I shot a small cotton-tailed rabbit, and continued homeward.

When I got about eight hundred yards from my ancestral abode, I encountered an enormous wolf. Oh, what a predicament! I was now out of real shells as I had brought along peanut shells instead of real bullets. The only thing I could do was run; but with such a load and particularly as I was not in condition (I had not followed Mr. Drew's advice) the wolf was easily overtaking me. In fact, I could feel his breath on the back of my neck (curses! Why didn't he use listerine for his halitosis) and now only a miracle could save me. I first threw the fish at the wolf, but he downed them with a single gulp; next the deer, then the bear and partridges; but he ate these and came on for more. Finally, in despair, I threw the rabbit. Mirabile dictu! The wolf tripped over the rabbit and I was able to gain home safely. I thanked my lucky stars, for, lo, I had been saved by a hare.

Thus, after all my hard work to procure fresh meat for breakfast, I was doomed to failure, and must content myself with devouring the homely fare of bacon and eggs.

That is the story, lads. But now, I hope you won't go home and start hunting for your Christmas story books, but, rather, I would say, "be good patient little boys until Dec. 25, when ole Saint Nick will visit all your homes. I, and also you, hope that this will be the last column I write this year.

You're right! So cheerio until my next visit.

—Frank Murphy.

The Managing Editor: "What are you gong to do when you leave college?"

Editor-in-Chief: "I'm going to do newspaper work."

M. E.: "Don't you think you're too old to sell papers?"

JUST FROSH

We have an amusing situation at Assumption with the enrollment divided into two distinct nationalities. Everyone knows that there are two subjects to be avoided in conversation, namely, religion and politics. Some of our students whose feelings have been wounded as a result of the heated arguments in recent English classes want to add a third subject to the "don't" list, and that is nationality. It all started innocently enough when someone told the story about the band of Indians who escaped from a Canadian reservation in early times and crossed the border into the United States. The Americans notified the Canadian authorities of the matter and informed them, as the story goes, that an army would escort the culprits back to the border. When the army reached the designated place it was met by a Canadian mountie. "Where's your army?" said the American general. "Oh, the other fellow is over there cooking breakfast," replied the mountie. "And that just goes to show you that two Canadians can do what it takes a whole army of Yanks to do," rejoiced an apparent Canadian as he clapped his hands in triumphant glee. The undertone remarks made in rebuttal by the Americans were a bit malapropos, but they were very well put, if you know what I mean, and if you do you're pretty good.

As the days have gone on and the classes have continued the battles of Canada vs. U.S. have continued as well. Not long ago there was a near riot which was totally unnecessary to say the least. Anyone who takes offense at the ironic statements intended for either side is a poor sport. This so-called "battle" is all in the spirit of fun. It sharpens one's wits as well for at all times we must be prepared to refute the numerous verbal attacks. This situation is an amusing one for it places a new and novel slant on university life for not

(Continued on Page Nine)

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Reunion in Barcelona

A Short Short Story

By John J. Riordan

FLAKES fell on Barcelona. Large, white, fluffy flakes that sifted down gently through the quiet night, and clung where they landed. They covered in a spotless mantle the heaps of debris, the piles of wreckage; they filled in gaping holes. Falling, they cast a screen about the stark outlines of ragged segments of walls that enclosed nothing. Barcelona, the war-torn, the fevered, was hidden; a strange quiet, and a strange cleanness covered her decimated members. She was now a world apart, — a world cut off from the rest of creation, — conscious only of her own destiny, and of the falling snow gently and soothingly on her fevered brow and burning wounds.

Tommy Shannon, on special duty, marched slowly up and down a deserted street in what had once been Barcelona's fashionable shopping center. The white, blank faces of boarded stores looked down on him. The area had been evacuated, and all traffic diverted. Tommy marched alone with his thoughts, — and with the snow.

* * *

Christmas in New York — just a year ago, too. Same kind of a night, but, gee, what a difference! . . . Crowds and lights and an electric tingle in the air . . . The red and blue and green lighted trees and wreaths shining in the windows of apartment houses — high, high into the sky . . . And the last minute shopping with Sheila, pushing and fighting one's way through the stores . . . The long subway ride out to Bronkers, swaying in the crowded train . . . The long walk through the snow to Sheila's . . . And helping her father and mother with the tree . . . Meeting Sheila's shining eyes every time you looked down from the ladder.

Midnight Mass, and the old familiar hymns . . . The warm glowing feeling, the tightness in the throat, the mist before the eyes . . . Sweetness and Light, Sorrow and Pain, Laughter and Tears — Christmas! . . . Breakfast at Sheila's; then home — to a drab room in the "Y".

And then the New Year . . . Inventories . . . And unexplainable shortage in your department which the auditing department blames on you . . . No job . . . Hunting, seeking . . . Day after day, pounding the streets . . . Freezing in body and soul . . . Not even a chance . . . Seeing Sheila less and less; finally not at all . . . Walking, walking, walking — trying to get away from thoughts!

Finally—a chance to escape! Signing up for service in Spain . . . Better than relief . . . Or was it? . . . The blood, the misery, the havoc of the past months . . . A living nightmare, so terrible it paralyzed the mind . . . Short circuited the nerves . . . Made one go around like an automaton unconscious of the stark tragedy enacted before your eyes . . . The nights, the long, long nights . . . Lying in a filthy bunk, trying to sleep . . . Haunted by the vision of Sheila; Sheila of the laughing eyes . . . Sheila of the snows . . . Sheila . . . Sheila.

Waking . . . to see the sickly light of another day shining on the floor . . . Groaning, cursing, fiercely, the forces that cause war and unemployment . . . Then, realizing that you're thinking, suddenly snapping out of it to go through another day of waiting . . . waiting . . . for what? . . . Death?

* * *

Suddenly Tommy stopped short in his tracks. The sound of bells came floating down the hills. Where could it be coming from? Certainly all the churches were closed at this time of night. Then he remembered. It was Christmas eve! And then he laughed, — a high, broken laugh that left him shaking, not from mirth but from shattered nerves. "Peace on earth, good will to men!" The thought sent him into another fit of laughter that ended with a sob.

"Oh, God, why did I ever go? Why did I leave Sheila? Will she be waiting for me when I return? Will I ever return — alive? O, God, please let me go back! Wash away all the evil, sickening memories of these awful days . . ."

Suddenly he stiffened. At the far end of the street a figure passed in the dimilght of the street lamp, looked anxiously up and down the street, and then climbed over the barricade. Tommy quickly withdrew into a convenient doorway. He gripped his rifle firmly. Orders had been given to shoot all looters on sight.

The figure, half-running, hurried down the street. Tommy stared, incredulous. A woman — here at this time of night! The cloaked form was near the doorway when Tommy stepped out of his hiding place, and barred the way. He found himself staring down into the face of a Red Cross nurse. Was his imagination playing him tricks? It must be. Gradually, out of the snow and mist, the face took shape; slowly he noted each detail, but it was not until he saw the eyes that he was certain.

"Sheila!" The word died in a whisper.

"Oh, Tommy, is it you? O, thank God you're alive!" The words had scarcely been uttered when Tommy found himself faced with the problem of shouldering his rifle with one hand, and comforting a weeping girl with the other.

"Oh, Tommy, why did you leave?"

"I couldn't stand it any more, Sheila. I had to get away. This was the only way out."

"But why didn't you write? Only that one card when you left! Not a word since."

"I told you then to forget me. I meant it!"

"I tried to, Tommy, but I couldn't. I know how you felt. You thought the world was all against you; that Tommy Shannon was a failure. But you aren't, Tommy, you aren't! I had to come and tell you that — before it was too late."

"What are you talking about?"

"The shop, Tommy, the shop! Remember Mr. Smith, the foreman?"

"Yes."

"Well, they found he had been stealing raw materials, and then making false reports so they were charged to you."

Sheila found her arm grasped in a steel vise. From out a haggard face two eyes burned into hers.

"You're not kidding, are you? You're not just telling me this to get me to go back?"

"Oh, no, Tommy, it's true. I've got the newspaper clippings in my grip."

Tommy gave a hollow laugh. "And you came all the way down here alone just to tell me that?"

"I'd been trying to get away for weeks, but I couldn't get leave. It took me a long time to locate you. All my letters came back marked 'UNKNOWN'. That's why I joined a volunteer unit and came over myself."

The sound of chimes rang out once more over the still night air.

"Oh, Tommy, hear the bells! There's going to be a mass in the old ruined cathedral. Won't you go with me?"

"I don't know . . ." Tommy's eyes were hard; his voice noncommittal.

"Oh, Tommy, please, don't look like that. I know how you feel. You think there's no reason for rejoicing in all this misery and want. You think Christmas is crowds and bright lights, department stores and Tom and Jerry's. But it's not, Tommy, it's not. Christmas is here." She placed her hand over her heart.

Tommy remained unmoved. "I'm afraid I can't, Sheila."

"Tommy, don't refuse. Can't you remember this night last year?"

"Don't, Sheila, please!"

"Has it been that hard, Tommy? But it's all over now. We'll go to church tonight, and pretend we're home in Bronkers."

"Alright, Sheila, I guess I owe you that much after you've done what you have for me."

"Fine. I'll run along now and buy something for breakfast. We'll make our own over at the canteen. I'll meet you in front of the church at midnight."

Leaden eyed, Tommy watched Sheila disappear into the distance. Why didn't he feel happy, he wondered. He could get his job back; Sheila loved him. What was it that left his heart cold? The misery he'd seen? The futility of life? The unreasonableness of man? If only he could find the riddle of existence, some explanation of the sorrow and the pain.

* * *

The ragged nondescript congregation stood or knelt in the spacious cathedral. Part of the walls and the roof were gone. The snow fell on the congregation, on the priests, and on the altar. A swarthy choir sang VENITE ADOREMUS with a good deal of Latin fervor. Tommy and Sheila knelt in prayer. Tommy's mind wandered from the Mass to the questions which tormented him. He gazed vacantly into a corner. A manger had been built there; he could see the Christ Child smiling. Smiling? Certainly He knew, even then,

(Continued on Page Nine)

AID'S BAGATELLES

Hey! they're off! in what appears to be the hottest pennant chase in the history of the Arts Basketball league. This year five teams have signified their intentions of copping that much sought-after trophy. The following clubs are out to dethrone last year's champs, the Puppets, from Pup Flat. Fr. Frank Mallon, who last year guided the Pup Flat to a pennant, will direct the Freshmen Flat in their bid for glory. Last season's Pup Flat captain, Jerry Livingston, has taken over the reins on the Philosophers and has promised to give Fr. Garvey a winner. Tom Marinis' Madmen have been replaced by the Sweeney Swishers, who have assumed the roll of a dark horse. Ed. (All Conference) Westfall will manage the Day Scholars, who, after a year's absence, are back in the chase for fame and fortune.

Although on paper the clubs look fairly even, the House of Monahan and Sweeney released the following odds, Pup Flat to repeat 3-1; Freshmen Flat 10-1; Sweeney Swishers 100-1; Philosophers 5-1; Day Scholars 6-1.

Last year's champs looked far from impressive as they defeated Sweeney's aggregation in a close fought battle. The general opinion of the spectators was that they lost their guiding star when Capt. Livingston accepted Fr. Garvey's bid to join his floundering Philosophers. But this writer still thinks that Hussey, Burke, Cronin, Bilitzke & Co. will be the club to beat when the final whistle is sounded. Coach Mike Malloy of the Puppets blamed his club's poor showing on the fact that Ed. (Night Owl) Cronin, his ace offensive threat, has been slow in rounding into shape.

Fr. Mallon's Freshmen served notice to the rest of the teams that they will be plenty tough as the season progresses when they dropped a one point defeat to Fr. Garvey's Philosophers.

Although they lost to the Phil. and the Pup Flat, the Sweeney Swishers went down fighting. With every worth while Character in the college on his pay roll, Sweeney may be expected to supply the necessary color to the league. Dominating his list of CHARACTERS are Tom (The Critic) Monahan, who last year talked the Puppets into the championship; Tom (Redlight) Dunne of St. Mikes hockey fame, who is turning out to be the greatest body checker in league history; last but not least Chuck (Time Out) Sweeney.

As yet the Day Scholars have not seen action but the boys in the know claim that Westfall will have an aggregation of rough and tumble lads that will equal anything in the league. Under his wing will be five or six of the Varsity footballers and you can bet your last dime that there will be plenty of bumps and bruises to be passed around when they swing into action.

So it looks like a great year, fellows. May the best team win. As was the case last year, gold basketballs will again go to each member of the championship club.

Did you know that the biggest disappointment to the league officials was when Tom Marinis withdrew his Madmen from the league.

Flash! Just before this issue went to press, Art league officials heard rumours that two more Day Scholar teams were about to enter the league.

This columnist wishes one and all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Aid Hanna.

Lawrence Defeats Varsity On Court

Assumption Drops Opener Despite Second-Half Rally

Lawrence Tech Blue Devils, co-holders of the M. O. Collegiate Basketball conference title, opened defense of their crown against the Varsity here on December 7th. The Tech squad outclassed the Purples completely in the first half, and Coach Joe Connelly's boys appeared a little bewildered and lacked co-ordination.

However, with the veterans Aid Hanna and Mike Malloy leading the way, the Varsity quintet picked up in the second half and outscored the Blue Devils 28-26. Art Beaudry of Lawrence was the outstanding player on the floor and led his team in scoring with six field goals and one foul shot, a total of 13 points.

Aid Hanna paced the Purples with four field goals and played a steady game at guard, while Hal Perfect and Mike Malloy were also outstanding for the home forces.

THE ROUND-UP

with Chuck Sweeney

After a review of the score sheets of the Lawrence Tech and Adrian games we find that Tommy Hastings, our lanky centre, has the highest field goal average. His average is .556, having sunk five out of nine shots in the two games. Aid Hanna, veteran guard, with eight baskets out of sixteen attempted hoops, is second with a .500 average. Don Benson leads the average in the foul shot division with a thousand, making one for one in the Adrian game. George Yahn is second with three out of four and a .750 average.

In the scoring department, Mickey Malloy and George Yahn share the honors, each having seventeen points. Peculiarly they both have dropped seven field goals and three fouls apiece. Aid Hanna and Don Auten are also tied for the second spot with sixteen points. The other high men are Hastings, eleven; Perfect, seven; and Benson, five.

* * * * * *

Shifting to the hockey situation we find players, pads, sticks, uniforms and even ice but three vital necessities are lacking — money, games, and strange as it may seem, a coach. It seems to us a regrettable condition when we recall how the Basilian Fathers have always been noted for the wealth of hockey material, particularly coaches, within their ranks. We could name without hesitation several priests within the house who could have taken over the reins for the Purple Pucksters and helped them along in practise. However, it is somewhat useless having a coach when there are no games and the hockey team has had some tough breaks by having several scheduled games cancelled.

* * * * * *

Hot Stove Siftings—Gerry Livingstone tells us he has not signed any contract as yet for next season and may even drop professional baseball to go into business. — A letter from Pat Quinlan reveals that he is still cashing in on his baseball ability around the Niagara Peninsula. — Bruce Caldwell, who was a legendary figure around Yale, some eleven years ago, admitted in a recent article that it was a mistake to turn to professional athletics after college, as the only means of support. And he should know, as he tried both baseball and football professionally for four years. — Albie Booth, another Yale star, is now sales manager for an Ice Cream Corporation in Connecticut. — Until we meet again, the best of season's wishes to all.

Three Seniors Make All-City

Ruedisale, Delaney and Zorn Secure Coveted Honor

Three members of this year's senior high school football team have brought another great honour to Assumption, by gaining positions on the All-City twelve. Herb Reudisale, left little to be desired as an outside; his deadly tackling and pass catching made him outstanding. Herb Delaney, as All-City quarterback, gained more glory, perhaps, than the other boys, since this was Herb's first year in Canadian football. In spite of that handicap, he called plays like a veteran and came through with some fine open-field running. Bill Zorn, on the half line, was selected, no doubt, because of his outstanding punting and passing abilities. Many a game was decided by Bill's educated toe, and the first game of the season against Kennedy was practically won by Zorn himself. He kicked four singles and those four points constituted the total winning score. The courage and fighting spirit of all three players will long be remembered in Assumption sporting annals.

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Senior Gridders Have Good Year

Give Fine Showing Despite Final Loss to Vocs.

The 1938 football season is over but the memory of many a hectic struggle on the local campus still lingers on. In spite of more than their share of injuries, Father Armstrong's Seniors gave the opposition plenty to worry about and came through with a record of three wins, two losses, and one tie, during the regular schedule. This left them tied with Kennedy for second place and necessitated a semi-final playoff with Vocational. Our seniors lost a heart-breaker to the big red team 10-5. On a water-soaked gridiron, the purple and white boys went down fighting and were within striking distance of the goal-posts as the final whistle blew. On a team that was composed of many stars, it is difficult to name the outstanding players, but there are four boys who perhaps deserve a little more merit than the rest. Bill Zorn's punting was something to marvel at; Herb Delaney, playing his first Canadian football, was an excellent field marshal at the quarterback position; the deadly tackling of Herb Ruedisale was perhaps the best in the league, and the great defensive work of husky Tom Arthur stamped him as the best lineman on a fighting team that never knew when to stop. A great deal of credit belongs to Mr. Mulvihill for his untiring efforts in developing one of the finest forward walls in this district. All in all it was a great season for the Sr. W.O.S.S.A. boys.

Assumption Varsity Basketball Schedule

Jan.	6—De Sales Col. Tol.	Here
Jan.	10—Detroit Institute	Here
Jan.	14—Lawrence Tech	There
Jan.	20—Calvin College	There
Jan.	21—Ferris Institute	There
Jan.	27—Calvin College	Here
Jan.	28—Western U.	Here
Jan.	31—Adrian	There
Feb.	5—De Sales College	There
Feb.	10—Ferris Institute	Here
Feb.	14—St. Mary's College	Here
Feb.	17—Toronto U.	There
Mar.	1—St. Mary's	There
Mar.	4—Detroit Tech.	There

BROADCAST

HOCKEY

This year, for the first time, a Senior high school team will be wearing the purple and white in the Senior W.O.S.S.A. hockey league. Father H. Mallon's puck-chasers, after their first three practices, are rounding up into a team that should carry the traditional Assumption spirit and fight into the W.O.S.S.A. league. Little is yet known as to the real strength of the team, but one forward line of Foran, Lawrey and Nicol has shown considerable speed. E. Wieman and Howard look like a capable pair of defencemen, while the work of Tom and Allan Arthur along with Ted Killingsworth leaves little to be desired. Dates for games with Catholic Central and Pontiac are yet to be drawn up, but the W.O.S.S.A. schedule has been announced.

SPRING PRACTICE

Father Armstrong has announced that Assumption will adopt a plan already prominent among many colleges and schools throughout the country; that is a spring practice session. This training, which will commence as soon as the first signs of spring appear will be of special benefit to our students from across the border. For those who undertake to play Canadian football for the first time, it is not as easy as it may seem to non-participants. Now, during the spring training session, all the fundamentals and finer points of the game will be taught to each player. So here's to Father Armstrong and his new training school, and may it bring greater success to the high school gridders.

SUB-MINIM FOOTBALL

Mr. Besigneul's Junior Sub-Minim all stars looked like real champions, as they finished this year's football campaign with a record of five wins against two losses. Perhaps their outstanding game was the one in which the youngsters piled up a total of twenty-two points against Benson School, at the same time holding their opponents to two singles. Some of these boys show great promise of becoming future Assumption gridiron heroes, especially such stars as Smith, a shifty running half; Danies, hard-working fullback, and Renaud, hard hitting tackle. So it's hats off to the Junior Sub-Minims.

THE JUNIOR CAGERS

The junior cagers has been working hard for the past two weeks, under the watchful eyes of Mr. Follis, the coach. Jerry Livingston is also lending a helping hand. This year's juniors will probably take the floor with a team that is smaller than usual, but that will not darken their hopes of having a very successful season. In players like Sarles, Flynt, Mayotte, J. Gallager, Marklein and Keenan the juniors should have a line-up that will go a long way towards bringing greater glory to Assumption in the coming season. Watch for more news of the juniors in the next issue.

SENIOR CAGERS

Father Armstrong's senior cagers look like a team that will be hard to stop in the Senior W.O.S.S.A. basketball race this season. Frank Wansborough, a six foot three inch guard, is the only veteran on the team, but there is a host of rangy boys to fill in the gaps. Sully Dunn, formerly of Patterson, is the biggest giant, with Norm Phibbs and Lyle Gray, formerly with Sandwich, not far behind. Four members of last year's juniors, Reudisale, Macpherson, Pleasence and C. Gallager, have shown great promise in the two exhibition games, in which the seniors came through with flying colours. In addition to the regular W.O.S.S.A. schedule Father Armstrong's boys will play a number of games with American high schools, including St. Thomas of Ann Arbor and St. Matthews of Flint.

HIGH SCHOOL

H. Delaney and T. Arthur Co-Captains for 1939

The annual football bust, held in the Norton-Palmer Hotel, was featured by the announcement of the 1939 co-captains, Herb Delaney, quarterback, and Tom Arthur, middle. Both of these boys are worthy of such an honour, as evidenced by their splendid work of this year. Fifteen members of the Senior squad were presented with letters: Delaney, Arthur, Ruedisale, Blake, Rock, Wieman, Zorn, Burns, Kennedy, Granziol, Marklein, Maheu, Jones, Gallager, and MacFadden, student manager. The members of the Junior High School team received numerals, and in addition, awards were also presented to the outstanding players of the Minims, Senior Sub-Minims and Junior Sub-Minims. We noticed that the delightful music of Jack Cecret's orchestra was enjoyed by all, and especially Father Thompson, whose favorite tune, "Small Fry," happened to be among the numerous requests. Judge Gillis, former U of D tackle, showed great promise as an up-and-coming young master of ceremonies. We were also honoured by the presence of George Christensen, giant tackle of the Detroit Lions, who spoke briefly. Following the banquet, all were entertained by an interesting show at the Palace Theatre. But let's not talk about the next morning at 6.15.

Juniors Fail to Land in Playoffs

Tie With Kennedy Team Fails To Put Them In Finals

The High School Juniors finished their season by tying the league leading Kennedy team 8-8. A play-off position seemed certain, but by virtue of a 14-2 victory over Patterson, Vocational tied with Assumption in the win and lost column, but Vocational had five more scoring points than the purple and white boys. The only real bolt on the schedule was the loss of a vital game to Sandwich, in which the team seemed to suffer a mental collapse. However, in every game the whole line was outstanding and it is difficult to name the star, but the sensational line work of Knorpp, Callery and Lavelle merits special mention. Few opponents went around left end with Allen Arthur blocking the way. Piche, a former sub-minim, showed great promise of becoming an outstanding player. Injuries to Jack Hamilton and Milton Flynt in early games made a dent in the backfield. The tackling and quarterback strategy of Flynt marked him as a sure starter on next year's seniors. If it was necessary to pick out one star from the whole team, Tad Keenan would probably receive the choice. His experienced toe relieved the pressure in many tight spots and his forward passing ability marks him as a future Davey O'Brien. Much credit for the fine showing of the team should be given to "Jerry" Livingston for his able assistance in coaching Mr. Follis' juniors.

Minims Play Well Despite Bad Luck

Play Two Ties After Losing Tough Opening Contest

The Minims wound up their 1938 football season with hopes of better luck next year. Getting off to a rather shaky start, Mr. Mackinnon's boys lost a hard fought battle to St. Roses 13-0, but on the following week-end the same two teams fought to a scoreless tie. In a game with Holy Redeemer the Minims played to another scoreless tie; but the scores of these games did not indicate just how hard each player was in there fighting until the final whistle blew. With a little more favoritism from Lady Luck these boys could have easily cracked the win column. Twelve members of this year's team received crests and of the twelve Ray Foran, regular end, was perhaps the outstanding player; he is one of the hardest tacklers in the school and a sure pass receiver. The defensive work of Maguire and Snyder in the forward wall deserves special mention, and T. Lonsberry and O'Neil took care of more than their share of the backfield duties.

She: "I've been asked to get married lots of times."

He: "Who asked you?"

She: "Mother and Father.—The Victorian.

Charitable Work Seeks Assistance

Catholic Worker Organization Asks Student Support

In the interests of Christian charity, every Catholic student should support so deserving an organization as the Catholic Worker Group. This band of social workers provides meals for destitute men of all creeds, and the expense of such an activity is necessarily heavy.

Now, as you have probably noticed, a small bottle has been placed by the society in the college library. It has been asked that students contribute their spare pennies to the cause, simply by dropping them in the bottle. So far, in spite of the librarian's drastic action in contributing all library fines to the bottle, the trickle of coins has been very thin indeed. We do not think it is because there are no pennies in this school. We therefore ask that you be as generous to this cause as you can.

HI-LIGHTS

V YEAR NEWS

Ed. Clifford has been spending many hours overtime in Latin "research." Eugene Duchesne has instituted a new subject in the Senior Matric. curriculum — cross-word puzzles. A question for Physics students: why does the electric clock stop when the current is shut off? Vincent Thompson, the scholastic moustache-artist, has many patented inventions for doing intricate work in almost inaccessable places. Bill Peck goes to parties. You can guess what kind. The spark of literary fire is enkindled in V Year's share of Amherstburg's Jones family. "Hamel, turn on the lights." "No, wait, it might wake these fellows up." It's all very mysterious.

III-A

We notice Heufelder has turned the mad musician. (Perhaps he is really mad.) Well, Ferguson, have you got enough hockey with three teams? A dull rumbling was heard in the ventilator the other day. The class, as one man, murmured, "Poor Father Armstrong, he will try those experiments in the Chemistry Lab." We wonder if John Vermette, our Roseland farmer, has the spring wheat planted yet. Even the fact that Stevens is not in III-A hasn't broken up the Strong-Stevens-Kennedy combination. Some III-A students say Mr. Campbell has been teaching for about fifteen years. His jokes are mute evidence to that fact, say I. We wonder where Ferguson and Heffernan go after those M. O. hockey games.

II-B

Michael Armaly of 2b says that he ate "lots of Toikey" on Thanksgiving Day. Don Turntully says his name is Randolph Rumps Rhinelander Rudolph Rassendayle Turntully. Greg Poirrier says he challenges Sully Dunn to a joust of fisticuffs any time, any place. Hebert is very talented in Chinese. He says he can say the seven days of the week and also numbers from 1 to 10. Maurice always has limberger cheese in his lunch. Joe Bensette is known by many names, some being Porky, Wimpy, Hamburger, Bear-cat Battery, Crystal Tower and Adolph.

II-D

Father Harrison, Latin teacher of II-D, seemed to think a few drastic changes were necessary in the seating plan of this room. Now, Meloche and La Blanc can only look at each other. I gather from this that Latin isn't as dead as it is said to be. It's a lucky thing for II-D that their history period follows recess. The chances are that if you glance into the study-hall during the intermission you will see a goodly number of students from this class present. Bud Reynolds, official door-answerer and announcement-reader of this class, has given us his last exhibition of how a yo-yo should be operated. Fr. Coll confiscated the little gadget when it fell out of Bud's pocket. Too bad, Bud, but you might arrange to give Fr. Coll free lessons. I'm sure he would appreciate them.

I-A

We notice that G. S. has learned not to ask Mr. Follis questions that do not concern Mathematics. Yours truly also learned that it doesn't pay to question Mr. Malone's word. D. R. astounded the class by pulling down a hundred in an Algebra test for Mr. Mulvihill. Mr. Mulvihill and Mr. Phelan seem to disagree on who is ahead in the Day Dreamer's race. Mr. M. thinks P. W. is and Mr. Phelan thinks J. I. sets the pace.

I-D

Well, George Rice has been doing well in his work and he passed in his first term exams. Cassidy has succumbed to a strange quietness since he has been given a hundred lines to write daily. Our class hasn't been keeping up its noisy tradition as it has been in other years. Only between periods is the racket unbearable.

I-C

Our Math. teacher has collected a group of the elite in the jug, of which Eddie Mailloux, our fellow colleague of our dear old Alma Mater, has been a member during the past week and a half. Terry O'Neil, our up and coming classmate, has been convalescing from a lengthy illness in our modern infirmary. Maybe the beds were too soft to leave. One of our fellow classmates has been making a habit of taking his midday nap during the R. K. class. Another challenges anyone to give the meaning of "antidisestablishmentarianism." One of our school attendants has been spending his evenings at the Windsor Arena, skating with who?

Fine Showing by Senior All-Stars

Fr. Mallon's Team Has Most Successful Season

Father Hugh Mallon's senior sub-minims all-stars has by far the best record of any of the many football squads wearing the purple and white. Finishing the season with seven wins against one lone defeat, they certainly lived up to their name. In two games against St. Catherines of Detroit, the youngsters piled up a total of thirty-three points, at the same time holding their opponents scoreless. The only mark on a nearly perfect score card was an 18-13 defeat by Sacred Heart of Hudson, Mich., which by the way was a high school team. Bob Moons was perhaps the outstanding defensive lineman, with Mitchell and Clarke starring as a pair of deadly tacklers. The fast, shifty running of Charbonneau featured the backfield play, while the work of Piche was so impressive that he joined the ranks of the junior high school team towards the end of the season.

8th GRADE

Start praying, fellows, if you want ice for skating this year. So far, Old Man Weather has been betraying us. The weather gets cold and then, just as the ice is about to freeze, it becomes warm again. Christmas time being so near, our class wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

7th GRADE

Mr. Myres, who teaches our class, has started a Literary Society. Speakers are called upon every Friday morning. The boarder basketball games are most exciting and almost all the boarders attend them after supper every night.

O'NEIL & BONDY
126 Ouellette Ave.

Professional and amateur skating outfits now in stock—Special prices to clubs.

Ask for your "discount."

BOB (Sparky) BONDY, Mgr.

OPINIONS

The last issue of the Purple and White inaugurated an "Opinion" column in which were to be included views and opinions of Assumption students, regarding various problems that arise in the school. However, in this issue we have reserved this column for ourselves. That is we wish to discuss something, giving you our point of view. Too long now has the work of the Clubroom Committee been overlooked and, in due appreciation to them, we shall discuss the clubroom and those who inhabit it.

It is useless for us to mention and discuss the advantages of our comfortable little room, but we must admit that it is wanting in some respects. Firstly, certain things, such as a radio, have been denied us, but why? The answer is simply this: if we cannot learn to care for and keep one little Assumption pennant which sells for about a half-dollar, how in the world can we be trusted with such a delicate little contraption as a radio? Another thing: if the latest statistics are dependable, approximately four gentlemen have been fined for slight misdemeanors; but this is altogether unnecessary. Perhaps the rules were not clear enough—and perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to have them broadcast over an amplifying system through the school.

It may surprise some to know that we have in the clubroom a few "cliques"—everyone knows or should know what that means. A group of Upper Classmen have deemed themselves too good for the rest of the fellows—we would advise them not to forget that soon they will have to go out in the world and perhaps receive the same treatment they are now bestowing on their inferiors. And now about the new students; get active, fellows—play handball, take part in the Art's League, support the various sports and entertainments and then you can get acquainted.

So let us all get together and make the club-room a real club-room. We are all fellow students; let us act as such.

Merry-Go-Round Gives Gay Ride

Outside Entertainers Augment Our Assumption Talent

The lights were dimmed, the stage became flambouyant with colour and the long-awaited "Assumption Merry-Go-Round" spun gayly around. The show was presented to an extremely enthusiastic audience on Wednesday evening, December 14. Mr. Val Clare of radio station CKLW proved himself a very able master of ceremonies. His jovial spirit seemed to cast a spell over the entire performance as well as the audience. Miss Bobbie L'Heureux, "the girl with the lovely voice," gained many plaudits with songs that have made her a favorite with radio fans. Mr. Bill Burke, with his nimble fingers improvisated upon the Hammond electric organ in the incomparable Burke style. So extensive was this veritable galaxy of stars, that it is difficult to concentrate praise on any special one. Of course the guest of honour was our own Frank McIntyre, "Captain Henry" of the Showboat program. Mr. McIntyre, you know, is an alumnus of Assumption. Modest John Hackett, coach of the recently glorified Catholic Central football team, spoke for a few minutes and the Assumption College Band again demonstrated their ability to fill the air with "toe-tapping" rhythm.

The most interesting feature of the Merry-Go-Round was its informality. It was new, novel and unlike most programs whose purpose is to dispose of prizes. A community sing-song and the grand prize drawing brought the show to a triumphant close. Congratulations are in order to all those who helped make the Merry-Go-Round the success that it was, and to Father Harrison who has toiled many months in preparation for the event. The new proscenium and drapes were a most pleasant and surprising feature of the presentation.—R. Farrell.

Season's Greetings
from the
BUSY BEE LUNCH
3230 Sandwich St. W.

Reunion in Barcelona

(Continued from Page Five)

what awaited Him. How could He smile? Was it love, love for mankind, that made Him smile, made him welcome the cross?

He looked down at Sheila, her head bowed in prayer. Suddenly he saw the mystery unveiled. He felt a spiritual kinship with Christ, whose infinite love called to humanity just as his own called to Sheila, Sheila of the laughing eyes. In his breast he felt his heart begin to quicken; a tighteness seized his throat; a mist obscured his eyes. The frozen heart melted, and quietly ran down his face, mingling its stream with that of the melting snow flakes. It was to love, that was the answer; to suffer pain, sorrow, and disgrace; to live, to fight, and finally, to die, but, always, to love. That was the only answer, the only thing that gave meaning to life, and it had found Tommy at last, — in war torn Spain, as it finds all poor battered souls, pursuing them "down the nights and down the days . . . down the arches of the years . . . down the labryinthine ways . . . and in the midst of tears."

JUST FROSH

(Continued from Page Four)

many schools are "houses divided within themselves," and we sincerely hope that no-one will take the matter seriously and will take this horseplay "cum grano salis."

Night Life on the Flat:

The second flat comedians, assisted by a very good supporting cast, presented the "Barnyard Follies" the other evening to a none too enthusiastic audience. It was a midnight show, we might mention. After the lights had been dimmed there was a striking overture which consisted of the throwing of steel shoe trees at the doors accompanied by the resounding beat of tin ash trays thrown at the ceiling. Above this din there was a chorus which took the form of a cat and dog fight. However there was a slight bit of interference on the other side of the hall as one member of the cast got his signals confused and crowed like a rooster. The performance went well until the room from whence the entertainment emanated was raided by the flatmaster, who apparently did not appreciate the finer points of the production. It was too bad that it was stopped because none of us will ever know how that dog fight came out.—Dick Farrell.

Correspondence

Editor, Purple and White.

Sir:

I was very much surprised and shocked, on perusing the last number of your excellent paper, to find that the literary editors had such poor taste as to allow the publication of the article on Blake. While it is desirable that all who feel the urge should express themselves in your columns, there are limits to what is decent. Assumption's reputation as a college where students are supposed to learn how to think, is not likely to be enhanced, in those schools with which you exchange periodicals, when such piffle can be produced by a third-year man.

It would not be difficult to examine that effusion line by line, and point out the utter absurdity of each phrase and statement, but it would, I am afraid, take up too much space. Suffice it to say that the writer of the article "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity" has not the slightest notion of what he is talking about, and is so short-sighted as not to know that such ridiculous assertions only reveal an alarming incompetence as a critic or judge of literature. One is reminded of the 19th century reviewer, Croker, the caustic critic of "Endymion," who is famous only for his stupid attack on Keats' poetry.

Let us hope, Mr. Editor, that such adolescent outbursts may have no further place in your paper. If we are ignorant, we should try to learn, not advertize our ignorance.

PRO VERITATE.

P.S.—If the said third-year man would like to know specifically and in detail what is wrong with his article, I shall be happy to enlighten him at the next Literary Society meeting.

Praises Meat As Food of Writers

Great Men of Literature Seen As Anti-Vegetarian

It is generally admitted that Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a very clever man and that as a master of the witty and trenchant pen he has few equals. But it is also admitted that he has many failings. He is very vain, he is exceedingly self-conscious, he is destructive, he is uncharitable. But there is one feature about Mr. Shaw which I am convinced is the source of all his drawbacks: he is a vegetarian. Just how much his cleverness depends on the amount of potatoes and cabbage he consumes, or just how his wit is affected by the nuts and figs he puts away, I do not know, but I am absolutely sure that if he would only break his fast with a succulent roast of pork, or sink his teeth into a two-inch steak, his entire view of life would change. He would become the jolly Mr. Shaw, the hearty Mr. Shaw, the kindly Mr. Shaw, and consequently would be welcomed to the bosom of humanity.

I have no patience with vegetarians. They are enemies of society. If they would only keep their miserable ideas to themselves, it would not be so bad; but, no, — they go about preaching their horrible doctrine of "no meat!," calling other people wild beasts and primitive animals because they eat real food. Did you ever see a happy vegetarian? A really hearty, jolly, contented, amiable vegetarian? I never did. They're either cranky, or morose, or sullen, or acidic. There are some poor unfortunate souls that are condemned by their doctors to go without meat and to spend their wretched lives watching others smack their lips over sausages and cutlets. They are to be pitied and ought to be prayed for. But these others—these with the jaundiced eye and the sallow cheek—who sneer at others for eating meat and commend themselves for their unholy virtues—these ought to be starved into submission and then fed on raw meat for a month. By that time they would be meat addicts and we should hear no more of them.

Next to bread I think meat deserves the place of honour among our foods. Some folk stand up for potatoes, but what are potatoes? A modern fad copied from the barbaric Indians, like tobacco. Potatoes are really only a background for the main subject, meat. There is no relying on potatoes; look how they let Ireland down in 1846 when she put her trust in them. No, 'tis meat that's master. Who can extol the bean, the carrot, the spinach, the parsnip, when he thinks of a fat roast of prime beef swimming in its own juice, or pink slices of freshly fried bacon, or jolly round sausages winking and glistening in the platter? The great men of literature were meat eaters. Whose mouths did not water when they read Lamb's superb tribute to roast pig? Who has not thrilled at the story of the Cratchits' Christmas dinner when Mrs. Cratchit plunged the knife into the fat breast of the goose and the stuffing gushed hissing forth? We even praise meat in our songs. Who has not heard that lusty tune, "The Roast Beef of Old England?" Nobody ever wrote a "Hallelujah to the Cauliflower!"

No, we must have our meat. So away with vegetarians and the diet cranks. They are creatures of evil and must be shunned. Also to be avoided are those who mince their meat, or put it in hash, or hide it in some unholy sauce. Let use have our good honest roasts and steaks; let them be well-cooked; and let there be lots of gravy. Let us eat meat —and be happy.

—Laicus Ignotus.

Chauvin: "How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?"

Doctor: "By check, postal order or cash."

Lecturers Find Place of Refuge

Food for Mind and Body Found in Fr. Lee's Haven

Except for those few unfortunates quartered close enough to have their slumbers disturbed by the questiones disputatae arising therefrom, there are not many students who are aware that there is anything about Fr. Lee's room which marks it as different from all other rooms here, but because we think this bit of colour has been hidden long enough we are going to set down a few facts about it now.

Many of the fellows, particularly the upperclassmen, have enjoyed the privilege of pursuing the course of knowledge in Fr. Lee's room amid aromatic cigar smoke and congeniality instead of the formal atmosphere of the classroom. But we write of a different aspect of the room, namely, the nocturnal phase.

Usually on Saturday nights, on special occasions, and practically always following an Assumption College Lecture League session, there is a gathering of the class. We shall use the Lecture League night as an example. Piloted skilfully through Assumtion's creaky corridors, the lecturer finds himself, in due course, in the lodge hall, indeed upon the throne seat itself (the only one with a cushion). Gathered around invariably are Fathers Young, Coll, Garvey, Frank and Hugh Mallon, Father Stan Murphy, together with Lockie Campbell and any other member of the laiety who may have crashed the inner circle. Other priests of the staff are present occasionally, but the ones mentioned are the habitues.

Across the desk from the throne seat stands Fr. Lee, armed with toaster, coffee-pot, potato-broiler, frying pan, eggs, bread, butter, cream, etc., ready for business. Fried egg sandwiches with all the trimmings is the usual fare, although intricate and amazing digressions are frequently attained. Following the repast a barrage of alleged after-dinner wit is laid down and this in turn gives way to the topic of the evening. This is not the room as Communists may picture it with greedy-eyed clergy plotting over maps and secret information with a Fascist coup in mind but a room of jolly Chistian gentlemen enjoying the companionship of a cultured visitor.

The watershed dividing the flow of opinion at the moment is the Spanish question and more than a little mirth is occasioned by the digs and jibes by which Father Garvey and Father Lee let each other know what they think of the other's opinion. Father Lee has been the more fortunate in the matter of aligning opinion on his side up until now since by far the greater number of distinguished visitors agree with him in supporting Franco, while Father Garvey, who, by no means upholding the so-called Loyalist government, nevertheless has insisted (somewhat blindly according to Fr. Lee) upon maintaining certain vagaries about passive resistance instead of armed force, has stood more or less on uninhabited ground. His position is naive, always interesting and sometimes amusing.

But there is another thought which arises when we couple Spain with Fr. Lee's room, and it is that in the numerous small colleges similar to Assumption in Spain there must have been many such rooms where similar Christian gentlemen enjoyed life and the living of it and pointed out the Way to those who followed. And now Spain has lost so many of these rooms. Let us hope that we keep ours.—J. H.

I read of the great conception of Men Like Gods and I wonder when men will be like men.

—G. K. Chesterton.

IN HUMBLE ADORATION

IT is hard to write about Christmas. One can express so many thoughts with all the sincerity in the world, yet feel that one's words will sound trite and dull to modern ears. We do not understand why this apprehension should assail us. The story of Christmas is ever-new, even in its antiquity, growing in beauty and strength from year to year. But so many of the voices which sing the carols sound forced, so many men have grown deaf to the oft-told tale, that one fears that one's words will receive but a cynical response.

And still this writer feels that while humility still has its home in human hearts, the true meaning of Christmas cannot be lost. For, in the last resort, the spirit of Christmas is one of humility. At this season, we Christians kneel in adoration, not before a God powerful in judgement or glorious in agony, but before THE INFANT, a tiny babe, frightened and crying in the manger-crib. We worship with the shepherds and the beasts of the field, while the kings of earth make merry in their palaces. And it is in hushed tones that we repeat the unbelievable words: "Verbum caro factum est."

Season's Greetings
from
Pond's Drug Store

IT'S TIME FOR ACTION

PURPLE & WHITE

SUPPORT THE YEAR BOOK

Vol 13 ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, WINDSOR, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1938 No. 4

THE FIRST GLANCE

The Time Has Come

THERE is a verse in "Alice in Wonderland" which begins, "'The time has come,' the Walrus said, 'to speak of many things.'" The Purple and White feels that it is high time a few words were said about many things which concern the students of Assumption. If this issue is critical in many places, it is because the need for criticism is great. Never before has the collapse of Assumption's extra-curricular institutions been so disturbing. All too many projects which were put forward with enthusiasm have become either dead or decrepit. The Literary Society has not yet had a meeting; the Dramatic Society will apparently close its program with one play; the Year Book is threatened with failure unless there is more interest taken in it; the Debating Society was never given a fair chance to succeed.

In the past it has been customary to ascribe this atrophy of our organizations to a lack of interest among the students. And there is no doubt that the enthusiasm which was displayed at the beginning of this school year has been supplanted by a spirit of pessimism, indifference, and often disgust. But, in our opinion, this spirit is the effect rather than the cause of most of our troubles. So many excellent proposals are never acted upon until the time for successful achievement is past, that the students have become convinced that to take part would be to support a "loser." Nothing is done in the beginning, and the opinion spreads that nothing can ever be done at all.

The Debating Society

Take, for example, the sad case of the Debating Society. As early as last April, this paper suggested that such a club be formed this year. Yet it was not until an invitation was received to join the Inter-Collegiate Debating Union that anyone had the fortitude to attempt to recruit a debating team, and then it was left to the school librarian to accomplish the ask. We have only praise for the work of Jerry Hartford and Father Young, whose efforts were largely responsible for Assumption's good showing against McMaster; but is it always necessary for the school librarian or some other member of the staff to take the initiative in these matters? The turnout which greeted the first request for volunteers was large enough to support the belief that, had action been taken soon enough, Assumption might have an efficient debating society by this time. As it was, most fellows came to feel that the attempt was doomed to failure, and that it was not worth the effort.

We feel, therefore, that this type of procrastination lies at the bottom of Assumption's problems. For the feeling of pessimism which it engenders in the minds of the students serves to vitiate even those activities which have been undertaken at the proper time and directed with wisdom and efficiency. The Year Book, the Dramatic Society, and even this paper—all are threatened with destruction because of the shrug-shoulders attitude which most Assumptionites have come to adopt toward them.

Is the Student Council to Blame?

Now, may we ask, who is to blame for the delay which attends the organization of our societies and activities? We have become convinced that much of the fault lies with our Students' Council. We do not mean to be unfair, and we fully realize that the members of the Council have been most conscientious and hard-working. But, generally speaking, they have exerted themselves as members of the Friars' Club, and not as class-representatives. We might ask how many meetings of all students were called, except for the purpose of "plugging" one of the dances past term? How many general

Not that we regret the advertising of these dances. But is the Friars' Club the only Assumption society? Isn't it at all possible that some of our students might be interested in some other things besides dances? Perhaps, even though they are college students, a few may be attracted to literary discussions, debates, and dramatics. Our only criticism of the present Council is that they neglected to see to it that these activities were organized and publicized. And, since the Council is the one student body capable of performing this task, it was left undone until some member of the staff agreed to take up the burden. It could hardly be expected that any single student or even a group of students could take any such action without the support and blessing of the Council.

As to the Future

But is it too late now to reform? We do not think so, provided the same enthusiasm with which the school year was begun can be re-awakened in our students. The Year Book would be assured of success by some increased propaganda work among the students; the Literary Society, we feel sure, could be revived easily; perhaps, even, a full-fledged debating club could be formed. In all this, of course, we should keep in mind the well-being of Assumption in future years. For, it is now that we must lay the foundations for a more complete revival next year. If the Year Book, Debating Society and Dramatic Society are successful this year, we may be assured that they will become stronger in time to come. All that is needed is that all the students, directed by the Students' Council, see to it that these organizations are placed on a firm basis during the coming term. If, on the other hand, the present attitude of both Council and students continues, our best plans will come to naught, and we will have failed in our opportunity. The time for action is at hand. Tomorrow will be too late.

The Immediate Task

In the revival of activities this year, first attention should be paid to two things—the Year Book and the Literary Society. The former requires, as we have already pointed out, an intensive propaganda campaign among the students. And the latter cannot be revived unless we can determine the probability of student support. Both of these ends can be attained easily by calling immediately a general meeting of all students. At such an assembly, the advantages of the Year Book could be explained, the progress already made outlined, the danger of its failure pointed out, and a definite plan of action proposed. And we recall that similar convocations were utilized last year for the announcement of Literary meetings.

We suggest, therefore, that the Students' Council awake from its quiescent state and call such an assembly. Perhaps this will necessitate calling a meeting of the Council itself, but that is also something which is sorely needed. It is time that our class representatives took drastic action in regard to the defeatist attitude which prevails at this school. There are to be no more school dances, and the Senior representative has been ably handling the details of the Art's Banquet. There is, therefore, no excuse for the Council's not leading the college out of the wilderness. If nothing is done, the last estate of Assumption will be undoubtedly worse than the first. What

PURPLE & WHITE

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POPE PIUS XI

IT would be impossible to write a short editorial on the manifold activities of Pope Pius XI. It would be comparatively simple to write volumes on any one of his interests. Others have written of his courage and equanimity in the face of most serious attacks on the Church's authority; of the place he held in the hearts of Catholics everywhere; of his calm but deep contempt for the follies and iniquities with which the world is ridden; and of his equally deep conviction that over all of those follies and iniquities, Christ's words would prevail.

But there are two aspects of the late pontiff's career which should keep his memory alive in the heart of every student. One of these was his great regard for the furtherance of Christian education. In an age when the schools of many countries are being used as propaganda machines for the most immoral and ungodly doctrines, this courageous leader spoke out with vigour on the rights of the church in the field of education. His most bitter struggle with the forces of paganism and atheism were fought over this question. Grieved at heart to see the souls of young people exposed to the vomitings of race hatred and "national honour," he hurled in the teeth of the modern demigods the doctrine that it is the state's duty, above all, to see that the moral and religious education of youth be protected. And his reign saw the flowering of neo-Thomism, in which philosophy even many non-Catholics have found a weapon and a defense against the materialism and disillusionment of today.

The other aspect of the Pope's career which appeals most to us is his whole-hearted appeal for social justice. In an age of social conflict, when one party is attempting overtly to destroy the Church, and the other hoping to ruin it by converting it into a bulwark for privilege and economic tyranny, the Papal encyclicals have done much to make it clear that the Church can never fight for a single class, but only for the establishment of justice.

These are the achievements of Pope Pius which we believe will live longest in our minds. Others may be impressed by other characteristics of his long and glorious reign. But whatever the reason, we all know that a wise and noble pastor has passed from us. Let us pray to God that another as brave, as kindly, and as virtuous be given us.

The work of revolution ceases when the last enemy is exterminated; the work of empire comes to an end when the last foe is vanquished; but the work of the Church is done when the last soul is saved, and the message of God's love is heard by all men.

A DOUBLE LOSS

THE death of Father Bellisle during the Christmas vacation took from us a teacher whose value will be appreciated more and more as time goes by. Father Bellisle not only taught philosophy, he seemed to breathe and live it. While we had little contact with him in the class room, we found that it was not alone in lectures that he taught philosophy. His wisdom permeated his sermons and his conversation, and his high sense of spiritual values influenced many an Assumption student. It would not be too much to say that all who knew him loved him.

The Basilian order lost another fine priest in the tragic death of Father Cornelius Sheehan. A renowned athlete, Father Sheehan's connection with Assumption was more as a student than as a priest. But, although his stay here as a priest

SPAIN'S FUTURE

AS we go to press, it becomes increasingly apparent that the war in Spain is all but over. The leftists hold only one-fourth of the country, and the demoralization of their armies has never been so great. So the main topic of interest today is what will be the future of Spain. We believe that Catholics, having been supporters of the Nationalist forces, should now take as much interest in the post-war rule of Spain as they did in the conduct of the war itself.

For it is now that the problem of reconstruction comes. We do not mean the mere rebuilding of material things, but the rebuilding of the moral fibre of a nation torn by internal strife. Men who have been slaying one another for years will have to work together in the reviving of their fatherland. We sincerely hope that the spirit of animosity will die in the new Spain, and that all Spaniards will find themselves united in preserving her integrity.

The despite in which men of culture hold politics is the foremost danger to the existence of democracy. For democracy should be the rule of the best; and, if the best shun the political field, then surely the worst will prevail.

THE LAST FRONTIER

"Oh, bury me out on the lone Prairee,
Where the coyotes howl, and the wind blows free."

WE knew that some day the last frontier would be crossed, and that the old west would be no more. And now that day of woe has arrived. For we read in a recent issue of the local newspaper that the coyotes have come down from the mountains and begun to compete with city dogs for the contents of Tulsa garbage pails.

It is the same old story. The rich food and social life of the city lures the country lad from his mountain home, and converts him into a parasite living from the refuse of his betters. It is sad. No longer will the lonely cowboy hear the mournful wailing of his range companion. But then, perhaps there will soon be no more cowboys.

We are confronted today with the contradiction of democracy in the political sphere and tyranny in the economic sphere. The alternatives before us are the establishment of autocracy in politics, on the one hand, and the extension of democratic principle to the economic sphere on the other.

INTERROGATIONS

1

What is the date of the night?
Where is the time of the hour?
When is the what that the clock hasn't got?
Why is the light where the sky is so bright?
Who is the muscle of power?

2

Ardent the moans of lar
Fitful the bruit of bow—
But whence is the flow
Of the lonesome bar,
Whence the digestive unhammered high woe
Of Oscar McWhartleton Ghar?

Envoi

Prince, let me say while yet my head's unbopped
You're well advised to fly to desert places.
Before you've slumped and slithered, slipped and flopped—
You cannot trust the muck on women's faces.

—Erasmus Doyle.

Pope Pius XI was to the Commentator one of the most interesting men of his day; perhaps because in a psychiatric era, when rulers and whole nations went off their heads under various pressures, he remained so completely balanced and

BRASS TACKS

What Is Wrong With Assumption?

This question has been asked in so many bull sessions, and answered so ineffectively, that the matter has finally devolved upon "Brass Tacks" for settlement. In the first place we must disabuse the boarders of a certain pet notion, viz., that the principle thing wrong with Assumption is the presence of the day-hop. In the second place, we must remove from the minds of the day-hops a lurking suspicion that the big drag upon Assumption's progress is none other than said boarders. And from both groups it becomes necessary to remove the false idea that the presence of a high school element is the principal cause of a perceptible lag, cultural and otherwise, in undergraduate life at Assumption College. Where, then, does the trouble lie? It seems to lie in one of the two essentials that go to make up the spiritual entity that is called "college," to wit, the faculty and the student body. The physical elements, buildings, fields, and equipment, are secondary, and are not absolutely necessary for the dissemination of knowledge which is the principle business of a college. But faculty and students, the teacher and the pupil, are absolutely necessary for the educational process to be carried out.

Is It Student Body?

In discussing the student body, we shall treat it as a whole. Any imagined difference between Boarders and Day Students is incapable of being analyzed. The only tangible difference is in the matter of diet, which we can ignore for the nonce, as being irrelevant to this discussion.

In trying to discern what emanates from this element of the college to impede the onward stride of our alma mater, we are faced with an obstacle. Almost without exception, college students are cloaked with an air of indifference, a sort of nonchalant casualness that defies any attempt at penetration. Yet, in four years we have seen behind the veil often enough to be convinced that the indifference is usually assumed as a protective device—youth's attempt to cover up a disappointment, or sometimes to hide fear of a strange environment.

The disappointment comes to those students who, like Augustine Birrell, go to college in the hope of receiving [illegible] Said Birrell, "Universities must, however, at all times prove disappointing to the young and ingenious soul, who goes up to them young and eager for literature, seeing in every don a devotee to intellectual beauty, and hoping that lectures will, by some occult process—the genius loci—initiate him into the mysteries of taste and the storehouse of culture. And then the improving conversation, the flashing wit, the friction of mind with mind,—these found."

The number at Assumption so disappointed is amazingly small. The bulk of the student body seems rather to suffer from the great English-American fear—the fear of being made to look the fool. For many local students are apparently in a strange environment. They feign indifference to cover up their inability to adjust themselves to that environment. Others, forced by doting parents to attend school, are frankly contemptuous or antagonistic. Some, desiring only a degree, assume an attitude of passive resistance toward all attempts to draw them into the social and cultural life that is an integral part of college education.

These various groups, though a minority, set the standard. Aiming only at the minimum requirements, they cannot be drawn into extra-curricular work; they shun the various activities that could do them the most good. There is also a miserable subservience on the part of the majority to the fashion thus set by a small group. This fashion decrees that all shall indulge in mediocrity. Any attempt to develop natural talents to their full scope is looked upon as being in the worst possible taste. The philosophy of "just getting by" is rampant at Assumption. Yet such an attitude is unnatural, for youth is never inclined to half measures except when engaged in unpleasant tasks.

The result of this unnatural posing is that the individual personality is gradually submerged in the mass torpor. The eager Freshman is ground down to size, and turned out a smart graduate—but far from wise. A more serious result is that the power of right action is frequently vitiated. Some students fall in a great apathy that lasts all through life. They are no longer guided by instinct. They procrastinate, they rationalize, they wallow in sophistries, they have wide knowledge and argue indefinitely—but they do not act! Hiding themselves under a thin lacquer of hastily acquired culture, they no longer show their true selves.

And what is the cause of this state of affairs? Simply this: Assumption, with all colleges, is filled with students who do not belong there, and who are cluttering up the educational processes. They are putting a load on Assumption which it cannot carry, for we have far more than the usual proportion of such students. They will continue to retard the progress of the whole until they are eliminated—a procedure that should prove mutually beneficial. And how to eliminate them? Increase the entrance requirements and rigidly enforce existing general scholastic requirements. Also increase tuition and board. Tuition at Assumption is less than one-half that of most colleges. Board, and room, is also lower than most colleges, running about a dollar a day. Pause to consider the financial wizardy of the person who can make both ends meet, and pause also the next time you are tempted to grouse about the meals!

You may object, however, to the plan of raising tuition and board as being unjust. Is it? Can not students go elsewhere to school? If not, why not? Is it not because education at Assumption is priced more reasonably than at most colleges? Is this commodity not priced too cheap? After all, our college is not tax supported. It has very few, if any, patrons, and no donors of scholarships. Its revenue derives solely from the student, unless it has outside investments. The school is entitled to a just price for its services, perhaps more than a just price, for if taxes are levied according to the ability to pay, tuition may be capable of similar application and collection.

By raising board, some students will find it more economical to sleep under the parental rooftree. The riddance of such will be a boon to the college. Added revenue from the remainder will more than make up the loss. Nor will the increase work to the disadvantage of worthy, but impoverished students, for any surplus could be made available for much needed scholarships. Thus, by a seeming injustice, we may attain more nearly to "equality of opportunity" than we do under the present system. The added revenue will also enable the school to improve on present equipment, to add needed instructors, and in general to experience a more abundant life.

These, we believe, are the fundamental problems which face Assumption today. It is one thing to point them out, and another to correct them. But to those students who perpetually gripe and grouse we would point out that a strict law of justice is in effect in these things. Students can get out of college only what they put into it — intellectually, socially and financially!

TID-BITS

The old feud between boarders and day-scholars has begun to rage as wildly as ever; the latest cause of controversy is basketball. The boarder clan has stated that the "day-dogs" are holding back the Intermediate team and the latter group has challenged the honourable boarders to fight it out for basketball supremacy in the school. As is usually the case, this game will solve nothing whatsoever.

A look of utter despair graces the countenances of all eager students at this writing. From this we conclude that all students are interested in exams—yes, but only in their results.

It has been suggested that Mr. Jerry Hartford give a series of "Life's Little Lessons" lectures to all Assumption graduates of '39 and also a special lecture to Joseph Q. P. Stephani entitled "How to Reduce" or "Who Stole My Waist Line?"

Benny Laker, the Assumption "jitterbug," says that modern swing is just opera done up in short pants, but Bill Hickey, the Old Maestro, replies that swing is just "A Fool's Delight." Who is right and why aren't they? Benny isn't right, for whoever saw Paleeachee (this is written according to pronunciation only) wearing short pants? As for Hickey, we are glad he enjoys swing.

JUST FROSH

Aftermath:

It was a difficult task indeed to outwit the University of Western Ontario with their recently adopted "show 'em no mercy policy." However, most of us have emerged auspiciously enough while others "took a quick powder" with a flunk-flunk here and a flunk-flunk there. ('Nuff said.) However, on January 28 the truce was signed and we are now back on normal schedule in the school of hard knocks for now it is knock-knock, get up, knock-knock, lights out, alternating during the course of the day with a lusty "Quiet!!" or "Stay in your own room and study!" etc., etc. We are too young to stay up late at night and too old to stay in bed in the morning. Hail metamorphosis!

Among the Iconoclasts:

The less said about the recent collection for Father Bellisle's memorial Mass on this flat, the better. The contributions were in no way compulsory and those who were without funds can most certainly be excused. It was the attitude taken by the majority in this matter that was most disgusting. But perhaps we should not be surprised, for the very atmosphere of the place reeks with indifference. Charity? Ah, there is no such thing!

Father Bellisle:

Volumes could be written on the loss felt by students of Assumption as far as Father Bellisle is concerned. Those of us who came this year knew him for a short time, but we felt as if we had known him all our lives. As spiritual director of Assumption College, he was conducting a marvelous work, but as the phrase goes—"Ars est longa, vita est brevis," and Father Bellisle was taken from us. Father Bellisle, great teacher, pious priest and model Basilian Father is not wholly gone, for his unselfish spirit of self sacrifice will ever linger about this institution.

Year Book:

The Assumption Annual is now taking form and the entire staff is doing its utmost to make the book a masterpiece of scholarship and art. A striking fabrikoid cover trimmed in silver will enclose the news and picture packed pages which have been increased to the

(Continued on Page 6)

QUILL DROPS

Well, lads, we're back on the job again after a nice long vacation (or was it a vacation?) and have loads of news for all. As this is 1939 and one should not let it pass without making a few resolutions which one can break, I have resolved to quit writing Christmas stories, since my last venture was sharply criticized by that great essayist and noted author, Mr. John "J." Riardan.

Mr. Don Carson has been getting quite a bit of publicity lately from the Librarian. It seems that little Donald has been leaving "litter" under the tables in the Library. We suggest that Donald use padlocked pockets to avoid further notoriety.

No issue of the Purple and White would be complete without a word from that eminent authority on women, Ralph Blackmore. Now that the Friars' Dance is over, we can safely give out some very interesting information heard recently among a group of enthusiastic students. The following was uttered: "Say, Ralph, what are your ideas concerning women?". Mr. Blackmore, clearing his throat, explained, "Women? Oh! I guess they're alright. But, said he, "a woman is always a woman but give me a cigar, for a cigar's a real smoke."

"To know him was to love him." These words truly sum up the students' sentiment on the passing of Reverend H. S. Bellisle, who died recently. To those who were fortunate enough to be in any of his classes, he will ever be remembered as a kind priest, teacher and friend.

Here's one for the science students, the latest explanation of Professor Einstein's theory of relativity has been simplified by this illustration: "When you sit by a nice girl for an hour, you think it is only a minute; but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you thing it is an hour."

"Truth" they say is stronger than Fiction. To prove this here are some gleanings from the past examination which I take pleasure in passing on to you. Quote: "Cardinal Richelieu was very shrewd and statesmanlike — sometimes to the point of neglecting his religious scruples."

"Hallows"—refers to all the saints who are in the kingdom of Christ. A saint is distinguished by a round circle in his head known as a "Hallow."

In scansion, a two foot rhyming scheme is called "Diameter."

Dante Rossetti wrote a poem about his sister entitled "Sister Helen."

"Throughout the kingdom there were innumerable kinds of people of different classes and races. Hugh Capet could not do much about this and so he didn't. He and the three kings who followed him did little except cool their heels. They did one thing, however, and that was have sons. Every Capetian for a long time was to keep up this custom and it was the only thing that saved the land."

In regards a king: "First, to end the war, he upheld the rights of the Calvanist church of which he was a member and secondly he extended the territories of Sweden into the lands of the north of Sweden which is now Scandanavia, at that time the Balkan peninsula."

Quotations such as these only go to show that slips are a mark of humanity and make us all realize that we too are liable to error. It is much like the merchant who was ever making bad economic errors who stated in his will: "I want six of my creditors for pall-bearers—they have carried me so long they may as well finish it."

As spring will soon be here, and as that is the time when a young man's fancies turn to love, I take this opportunity to quote Mr. Phil. Grimmer's test to know whether one is in love or not. "The first symptom," says Phil, "is a tendency to confide in the absent one, and it is high time to take notice when a man discovers himself talking to a woman who isn't there."

"Lady, if you will give us a nickel for a chocolate bar," said Joe Stephani, "my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What'll he do?" asked the lady, "cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied Joe in disgust, "he wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a woim."

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given every Wednesday morning at 10.25 in the college chapel for all Sodalists. Surely you can give up 15 minutes of your spare time each week for such a devotion.

The cast of "Journey's End" have been working hard of late under the direction of Mr. Campbell and deserve your co-operation in the matter of selling tickets and talking up the play at home.

All students in high school and college are asked to get behind the efforts of the Year Book staff and help by their subscriptions to put the book over this year.

The club room stewards are having a "fine" time these days. Any misbehaving in the club room is subject to a fine. Good work, fellows, I understand that the club room at Western has been closed due to the destruction of room furnishings. With stewards like we have here at Assumption this is quite impossible. Congratulations, stewards!

Well, gentlemen, there is such a society in college as the "Mission Society," as Father Pickett so rightly brought home this fact at a recent meeting of all the students in university. "Now," that we know of its existence, it is high time to do something about it before the end of the school year.

Alas my stock of news, which seemed so abundant at the start, has dwindled and so I will no further burden my readers (?) with nothing but idle chatter and will cheerfully end this column by leaving my new address of 1234 Keawek-sheka Point, Hawaii, for those who might have any "libel suits" for names and news mentioned in this column.

—"Adios."

For
"Milk Like Cream"
THE
Purity Dairy

CHATTERWRACK

This column pours forth an earnest appeal to the graduates to support all College activities during the last term and semester of our College days. Especially let us give our whole-hearted support to the Year Book. After June, we will be facing the world and its problems. Any experience gained by us now will mean more "power" for us in the future. Let's be active.

Around once more . . . Exams were a strain on all, but perhaps a surprise was shown in the results. Questions which obsessed us before the dance. Would the Monahan-Hastings feud re-occur? Would Muggsy Malone strut his stuff once more?

Hale and Seewald were on the dark side of the house all year; they moved across the hall to get on "the sunny side" of things. McKenty, true to form, did not show up till three days after exams. How do you get away with it, Jack?

"Squire" Kennedy was strutting his stuff at the recent dance with one of the local "belles." Big Ed Cronin finds himself constantly charged by "Tucker" Monahan with being a rogue. Of course, "Tuck" can never prove definitely that "Ed" is any such thing. "Chuck" Sweeney found himself a man of few words the day that members of his table wrote History 40. It was one of the very few days on which Chuck did not formulate the "topic for discussion" during the meal. Our prolixious orator, Danny Kane, constantly leads his hearers into promiscuous thought and thus is able to maintain a charm over them. Tommy Dunn is panpatheticing to all his friends for the purpose of informing them that he is not parsimonious, but that he believes his "big heartedness" is being "used" by his good friends, especially Jahn and Santay. If Bernie Bilitzke, the capable but sensitive basketball manager of the varsity, were asked to give his opinion of certain members on the team, he would no doubt describe them as being "loggerheads." The current query is, who broke Malone's bubble? How about a little enlightenment, eh, Muggsy? A little tip to "Aid" Hanna: the word "veneer" is not the same as "veer." Well, dear readers, if you have persevered thus far, and have been able to translate this without a dictionary, we nominate you to our honorary society.—Anon.

Preparations For Drama Completed

Dramatic Society Presents a Tale of War-Time Life

At last Assumption College students and the world at large are to have the long-awaited opportunity of seeing their own Dramatic Society's version of "Journey's End." Many, no doubt, have become impatient with the long delay—the production was first scheduled for December—but the director and cast hope to compensate for this by a better-than-average performance.

For those who have never heard of the play, "Journey's End," a short resumé of its history might be interesting. The story concerns a group of English officers who are awaiting a German attack in a dug-out in the trenches before St. Quentin, France. The date is March, 1918. Students of history will recall that that month marked the beginning of the last great German offensive of the war, which continued for five months, and which brought the German army within 40 miles of Paris. It is a gripping and tragic tale of human reactions under the stress and strain of the abnormal conditions of war. The cast is composed entirely of men, a feature which marks it off from the average play; the "boy meets girl" motif is noticeably (and happily) absent.

The play has had a remarkable history. Written in 1928 by a former front-line officer from his recollections of front-line life in the War, it received a cold reception from English producers, who could not be induced to accept a play in which there were no female characters and no love scenes. However, the Stage Society of London elected to try its luck with the new play and it was first presented in London in December, 1928. Its success was instantaneous and overwhelming, and the company found it necessary to move next month to the Savoy Theatre where they settled down to a long run. The five major roles in those first performances were taken by actors who have since become famous on both stage and screen: Colin Clive, Maurice Evans, George Zucco, Melville Cooper and Robert Speaight.

Another company opened in New York in March and won immediate success, playing to packed houses week after week. New companies rapidly took it up, and within two years it was being played all over the world. From that day to this its interest for the theatre-going public has never flagged. It has many times been presented on the radio, most recently with William Powell and Burgess Meredith in the leading roles, and has been filmed once already with another screen edition now in the state of preparation. It has appeared in theatres from West Point to Tokio and has had such notables as Noel Coward playing its famous roles.

Mr. Laughlin Campbell has been working hard with his cast and expects the play to be in first-class shape for February 20th and 21st. Difficult technical problems were overcome with the aid of the stage crew; scenery has been painted and new lighting equipment purchased.

Tickets have already been distributed and advance ticket sales are encouraging. The admission price is not high—20c for students. All Assumption men are urged not to miss this outstanding play — the Dramatic Society's first and last effort of the season.

Master of Drama Arises Among Us

Mysterious Author Writes of Life in Club Room

Editor's Note:

With some misgivings but no apologies, The Purple and White publishes for the first time a study in school life by a local dramatic artist. The power and intensity of this work will be appreciated by all who read it. At present, the author, being of a modest disposition, prefers to be known merely as "O. R. B." However, in the interests of mental development and good sportsmanship, this paper will present a genuine Afghan hand-painted stomach pump to the first person who guesses the true identity of this author. There will be ten second prizes, consisting of tickets to last year's Adian-Assumption football game.

A DRAMA OF THE CLUB ROOM

by O. R. B.

To the lilting strains of "My Wild Irish Rose" (published by Laker, Laker and Laker, Inc.) the second term opened with a bang. Or was that the Math. 12 door closing at 8:05¼? Anyhow, at 8:06, eleven more joined our happy throng in the club room, by now thick with smoke (due to cigarettes), talk (due to Chauvin), and hot air (due to Riordan and Grimmer). The talk swayed to and fro. Occasionally a furtive figure would slip from the crowd into a corner, light a cigarette, and stroll back nonchalantly, unnoticed by all save thirty-five or forty observant youths. Then there arose a haunting cry of "got a spare cigarette, chum?" At this point there is a blur, a slam of the door, and one less is now in the club room.

Suddenly Al (War Admiral) Dubensky is heard above the babel of voices: "Now when I was in New York," but is drowned by cries of "Boo . . . Fake" and similar terms. "According to St. Thomas" cries a plaintive voice, immediately silenced by (P. F. X.) Flood, who shrieks, "Never heard of him."

Another period of uninterrupted roaring goes on until Greenan holds the floor. "So I grappled with these six hold-up men, and there we were fighting in the alley." But the sudden entrance of Carson, Blackmore and the Hickeys stops his thrilling fiction narrative. Bill Hickey, wearing a delightful ensemble of pyjamas and sweater and odd socks, inspires a group recitation of Hopkin's poem beginning "Glory be to God for dappled things," half of the reciters looking at the pyjamas, and half at Hickey.

Grimmer next surges forward with "Haw-haw-haw—I've got my date for the dance, and will Blackmore be surprised." There are two shots; Grimmer falls dead; and Blackmore, still clutching his smoking revolver, is rushed off to Sandwich gaol, tried and hanged, laughing hysterically and shouting "O death—where is thy sting?"

In the ensuing lull, Carson tells a pun and narrowly escapes destruction. Then, sud-

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SPORTSTUFF

For one reason or another, our entire sports staff of two members "retired" on the evening before we went to press. This accounts for lack of any adequate column on College sports events. The editor-in-chief realizes that he is sub-par in the matter of sports writing, so he does not intend to say very much.

The Varsity basketballers went their merry way, their outstanding achievement being an upset victory over the highly-favored boys from Western. Their fortunes otherwise have been as variable as usual.

As far as intramural sports go, the most important news concerns the formation of a day-scholars' league. We have heard nothing new in this regard, but at last notice, the plan was to form teams on a class basis. The day-scholars may object to this, however, on the grounds that it weakens the teams. Not being an expert, we don't know. The boarders' Arts League is divided on the basis of flats. We do not know what effect this has on the relative strength or weakness of the teams either.

Speaking of the Arts League, the Philosophers are leading that organization, as we go to press, by virtue of an undefeated record in six games. Sweeney's Swishers bring up the rear without a win in three starts. The Freshmen are second and the Puppets third. In the matter of scoring, Powers was leading at last notice, with Livingstone, Malone, Keenan and Burr close behind.

We imagine that the idea of separate leagues for day-scholars and boarders is that there will be a "World Series" between the winners in each league at the close of the season. Judging by the bad blood which is arising between the two factions in this matter, such a series should be a humdinger.

Outside the college, sports seem to be following the same old course. Boston is running away with the National Hockey League race, while Detroit seems intent upon getting the last play-off berth. Judging by last year's debacle, that should mean that Boston will be eliminated in the initial round of the play-offs and the Red Wings should win the Stanley Cup. That's not a prediction, though.

It won't be long before the boys will be trekkin' on down to the spring training camps. The usual crop of minor league phenoms is appearing, and the usual crop of bad arms should show about the second week of the season. Being conservative by nature, we pick St. Louis Browns vs. Brooklyn Dodgers in a close race for the Grape Fruit League pennant. Don't be surprised if it's Yanks vs. Cincinnatti Reds in the World's "Serious." At least that's the picking our special crystal-gazer gives.

Well, this "corny" column, written under stress and strain, marks the first, and we hope, the last venture of ye ed. into the realms of sports reporting. And to think some people get paid for this kind of thing!

—Thassall.

A Great Question is Now Answered

Mr. Grimmer Puts Mr. Louis Below Former Greats

A few weeks ago, Jou Louis belted John Henry Lewis out of the heavy-weight picture in less than a round without receiving a blow. So devastating was his attack and so decisive his victory that the sages of our sensational press again dubbed him the greatest fighter of modern times if not all time. Now I never saw any of the old fighters in the ring nor even such recent moderns as Dempsey, but how many of our learned sports writers really saw Jeffries, Fitzimmons, Corbett, and Sharkey in their prime? However, I believe there is enough evidence right in the records and in various accounts of modern fights to limit Louis' status definitely to that of current champion only. As it appears to me, the greatest difference between Louis and the champions of the past lies in the nature of the knockouts. In his last fight, Louis had John Henry staggering around the ring in an utterly helpless condition, he was smacking his victim squarely on the button time after time with everything he had, but still he couldn't knock him out; undoubtedly Louis could have put his man away eventually, but he never did. Contrast this with some of the championship fights at the turn of the century. Fitzimmons took a terrific lacing from Corbett in their fight for about half the distance and then with one blow made Corbett an ex-champion. In his first fight with Jeffries, for ten rounds or so Corbett made the champion look so bad that the latter's friends begged him to concede. But Jeffries had noticed that Corbett frequently made one particular mistake, and a few rounds later he blasted Corbett's comeback dreams with a left to the body, practically the only effective blow he landed during the entire fight. The fighters of today, including Louis, apparently can't come from behind and can't stop a man with one blow.

It is difficult to say who really was the greatest heavyweight of all time, but in the light of his actual achievements, Jeffries was at least greater than Louis. Jeffries fought himself out of competition at a time when more first-rate fighters were on the scene than at any time before or since. Any one of the men he defeated, such as Corbett, Fitzimmons, Sharkey, Ruhlin, or Choyinsky, could have given Louis the fight of his life, and several might have defeated him. Jeffries' record is all the more remarkable when it is recalled that he really took little interest in his profession, that he never possessed the "killer instinct."

Some experts have argued that Louis is too clever a boxer for a slugger like Jeffries and that in an actual fight the latter could never have landed solidly; this can be refuted by one example. In his first fight with Corbett, Jeffries received a painful boxing lesson even though he finally dropped the dancing master. But in their second fight, Jeffries boxed on even terms with Corbett and had everything under control until the final curtain. Now, about eight or nine years ago, the just retired Tunney boxed a few rounds with Corbett for an exhibition movie, but the sixty-year old Corbett made the retired champion look so bad that the picture was never released. This may give us some idea of what Jeffries was up against.

Louis turned in his best exhibitions against men who were more or less paralyzed with fear. They either stood absolutely helpless or rushed into him in desperation; in either case he had plenty of time to wind up and swing. But Jeffries' opponents were so good that he could never open up with a two-handed attack; he had to step in cautiously with his peculiar crouch, pumping those short lefts to the head and body, and most of his knockouts resulted from one blow that travelled only a few

—Philip Gilmore.

JUST FROSH

(Continued from Page 4)

number of 122. The old Purple and White room in the east wing is being converted into a modern office with a darkroom for the photography department. Visitors will be welcome in the near future. Undoubtedly everyone is aware of the twenty-five cents a month plan to purchase the annual and we do hope that you will pledge your support to this new enterprise. One dollar and a quarter is a ridiculously low price for a college annual. Other schools in this vicinity pay as high as five dollars for books. It is our intention to make the Assumption Annual for 1939 compare with any of these higher priced publications. The only way in which we can accomplish this aim is to have your loyal support and we feel confident that you will help us.

A year book is a veritable treasure house of student memories, for long after you leave school it is retained as a precious, priceless souvenir. The annual is of interest to everyone and there is no better way in which you can invest your money. Our present plans call for the publication to be completely paid for by May 1, 1939, and with your aid, we are going to make that deadline with flying colours. Student support is most vital! Certainly we do not want the book to meet the fate of The Basilides, the 1930 publication of Assumption College. The failure of that book was gross extravagance on the part of the staff and failure of the student body to co-operate. There still remain numerous copies of that book which were never sold. Consequently the school was indebted needlessly and a bowl of raspberries was in order for the staff. We are not going to have a repetition of that sort of thing. We have selected the best quality materials for the lowest possible prices, and with the sense of economy combined with quality in our minds the Assumption Annual is certain to be a great success. This is the first year book since 1930 and it must be a success! Are you with us?

—Dick Farrell.

Don't Forget to Attend the Next Lecture

BROADCAST

By Ray Harwood

Senior Cagers

With the 1939 season at the half way mark, Father Armstrong's hoopmen are doing quite well for themselves, having won three and lost two games in the local high school league.

Sully Dunn Sets Pace.

Glancing over the records of the Seniors to date, we find the High School's own Willie Hogin leading the rest of the local sharpshooters by a comfortable margin. Of course we are refering to Sully Dunn, who is coasting along with a 6-point lead over his nearest rival, Frank Wansborough. Wansborough has kept right on Sully's heels with his 36 points and Ruedisale heads the rest of the team with 13 points.

Hockey

This month it's hats-off to Father H. Mallon's puckchasers. With the season a little more than half over, we find Assumption in third place, having won two and lost three. This is an excellent record, when you consider that these boys are playing together for the first time in the local high school league.

In spite of this fine showing, the team has had little or no support from the sidelines. What about it? You loyal sons of Assumption! Let's get behind Fr. Mallon's puckchasers and give them a little encouragement for their remaining few games at least. Get out and see what your own classmates can do with a pair of skates and a hockey stick.

Wanted

Calling all boxers and wrestlers! Within a week boxing and wrestling will be added to Assumption's already well-filled sports' calendar. All those interested in either of the pugilistic arts should communicate with Father Armstrong right away. Alex Newman will endeavour to show his aspirants a few tricks about wrestling, while the athletic committee have reported that they are hot on the trail of a boxing instructor. So we hope all you loyal sons of Assumption are tuned into this broadcast. Let's get behind this urgent plea and give Mr. Newman and the yet unnamed boxing instructor 100 per cent cooperation.

Junior Cagers

The junior hoopmen have rather discouraging thus far; but have hopes of crashing the win column during the second half. Lack of height as compared to the other teams, seems to be the main difficulty.

However, with a little more luck around the basket, Mr. Follis' junior cagers should have a much better second half.

Sub-Minim Basketball

Senior: With the 1939 season well underway, the senior sub-minim cagers are staging a real battle for league honors. At present we find Mr. McLean's Dominoes leading the race, with the Maple Leafs, coached by Mr. Meyers, running a close second. Mr. Maher's Loyola squad and Mr. O'Reilly's McGill hoopmen follow in that order.

The Dominoes look like the team to beat, with Moons, high-scoring forward, leading his team to their first place position. However, the season is not over yet, and the Maple Leafs gave ample proof that they would be in there fighting to the last minute, as they forced the Dominoes all the way in a 13-12 thriller. Chase is probably the main reason for the Maple Leafs' fine showing thus far.

Mitchell of Loyola and G. Smith of McGill are two other players who show great promise of becoming future Assumption basketball heroes.

Junior Sub-Minims

In the junior division of the sub-minim cagers, we find an even closer race for first place, as Mr. Schneider's Red Wings and Mr. Miller's St. Mikes are tied for first place. In their first encounter, St. Mikes staged a real upset by emerging with a 16-14 victory. The shooting of Carnegie and the timely passing of Maratsky had a lot to do with St. Mikes taking that game. For the Red Wings, Ardiel and Stone have kept their team right up there in the thick of the struggle for first place.

Mr. Cherry's Notre Dame cagers and Holy Cross, coached by Mr. Roffall, round up the junior league. These two teams, though not as well balanced as the two leading teams, possess plenty of fight and will certainly make it hot for the leaders before the season ends. Armstrong and Minar are perhaps the pick of the Holy Cross hoopmen, with Burkley and Marz the two hardest players

HI-LIGHTS

V Year.

This year's three pugilistic geniuses—Peck, Duchesne and Clifford—retreat to the silent (?) recesses of the library to fight (verbally and otherwise) after classes. Vincent Thompson's Trig. is original to say the least. Peck says De Re is a sissy; De Re says Pesk is a sissy; this makes it a dead heat.

Once upon a time when Martin and McLister were quarrelling strenuously between periods, Fr. Coll walked into the room unnoticed, and remarked, quite sarcastically, "Don't look now, boys, but Father is in." Fr. Murphy got a bad break this year; he has the nine o'clock class. The members of this class never realize what has been said until well on in the day. Baron Von De Courcey is the school's greatest exponent of "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea." All of which is very illuminating.

IIIA

We wonder how Dough Boyer is making out with his collections for the year book. Chip in, fellows, it's a good cause, and you will have something to show for it.

Say, what's happened to that fine Alma Mater song of Frank McIntyre's?

Some III A students are complaining that they had to pay fare and yet push the railway buses in the recent snowstorm.

Fr. Coll is keeping us posted on the St. Mikes hockey scores.

Ray Denomme, our no-games goalie, is a confirmed "jitterbug."

Seen recently—Piche, Janisse, La Fontaine and Jolie walking in Indian file through the one path in the campus. Must be the Indian in them. Ferguson stepping out last Friday. Better watch that boy! Heffernan writing a letter. Wonder who to?

Ho-hum, better stop now; here comes Fr. Harrison looking for homework.

II D

Father Mallon, last teacher of this class, is coaching the hockey team this year. He has the squad's weekly practise at 3:30. We can always use a last period spare; so increase practises, say we.

Mr. McGillis, jugmaster, is the geometry teacher of this room, and colonizes his after school penance period mainly from this class, we think.

II B

Hebert still thinks he knows more French than the teacher. Who knows? Maybe he does.

I wonder if Ulysses Lefaive's sister, who is a teacher, has anything to do with his getting his homework done every night. From a guy who borrows it daily.

Professor Elder is still trying to ascertain how the nomenclature of History goes.

II A

We all agree that Clark Gable has nothing on Jim Maher for the size of ears. Maybe if a wind comes along, he might even take off.

We see Melton Flynt sporting a new sweater for his Junior Football Numerals.

Ho hum, never a dull moment with Chuck Gallagher since he saw "Jesse James."

I A

I wonder why Paul Knight comes to school with his hair slicked down and cut. Could it be that some remarks of Fr. Donlan have reached their mark? Could be.

This class overwhelmed the first form basketball league without losing a game. Eddie Hogan led the team to most of their victories.

Dick Robinson was the goat for one of Fr. Donlon's amusing escapades during French class.

Most of our students seem to be very popular among the teachers. They are fighting to have our company after school.

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Exams and Dance Occupy Minds of Assumption Classes

Debates, Dramatics, Snowstorms Also Aid In Keeping Them Busy

The belated Christmas gift of the University of Western Ontario to Assumption students consisted of several sets of examination papers. The presents were well received, of course, and the time spent in preparing for their reception was considerable. The presentation occupied two weeks' time, since it was desired to prolong the ag— (pardon us, we mean delight) which the students would experience in acquiring such excellent gifts.

The most important post-examination event, of course, was the Purple and White Prom. This dance, sponsored jointly by the students of Holy Names College and the Friars' Club, was a success both socially and financially. The large crowd which attended was doubly gratifying in that there were two strongly-competing dances in the city on the same night.

The dramatic society, after smoothing out the rough spots during January, is presenting currently the war-drama entitled Journey's End. Further details concerning this fine play will be found on another page.

Assumption rather unexpectedly joined the Intercollegiate Debating Union during the past month, and, insofar as points are concerned, out-talked McMaster University of Hamilton on the subject of whether Canada should continue her present imperial relations or join the Pan-American Union. Some strange law having to do with the number of judges voting for one team was the cause of Assumption's failure to make the finals. It seems that four of six judges voted for McMaster, and only two for Assumption. Two teams were in action, Messrs. Ferguson and Hunt taking the negative and journeying to Hamilton, where they soundly trounced the McMaster team. The affirmative Assumption squad, which stayed at home, consisted of Edgar McDonald and John Philp. This pair went down before two experienced and smugly confident gentlemen from Hamilton.

The Christian Culture Series continued its successful course during the past month, presenting Fr. J. A. Magner's talk on significant books of the year on Jan. 15, Fr. E. J. Flanagan's description of the real Boys Town on Feb. 12, and Fr. Vincent Mooney's lecture, entitled "Youth on the March," on Feb. 19. All these lectures were well received, especially Fr. Flanagan's, which was presented at the Palace Theatre.

Last month was the month of great snow. At times, there were dog teams parked in the club room, and it is rumoured that several games of handball were played on snow shoes. Later, these styles gave way to hip boots when the thaw began. As we go to press, Windsor resembles Louisville after a flood, with a great deal of moisture in evidence.

MICE AND MEN

Most fellows go to college to become educated, but when they graduate they are far from that blissful state for the simple reason that what they have really done is spent four more years in High School. What we mean is that they have not learned to think and do for themselves. So many of them are so pitifully ignorant that even in four years they never realize that there is something more to college education than what is on the curriculum. It's a tragic thing for the good name of an educational institution that it has to put its stamp of approval on a dolt who crams into his cranium just enough facts out of his textbooks to pass the school's examinations, when all the time the school knows that the aforementioned individual has not even the mental capacity of a well-bred mule, the imagination of a sheep, or the ingenuity of an ostrich. What a sad state of affairs that is!

When are some of these nincompoops going to wake up and see that being with fellows who talk sense, being able to contribute a little intelligent conversation once in a while, reading worthwhile books, keeping up on current events, participating in the debating, public speaking, dramatic and literary societies, contributing to the school paper, having an idea occasionally, etc., are really the things that count? How about you? Are you getting a B.A. this year? Next year? Well, how many years have you spent in High School? And how many more do you intend to spend?

By the way, now that we're on your ear, let's get specific. How many of you have been to an Assumption College Lecture League lecture this year? Oh, you have. Well, we mean more than one. Now, how many? We thought so. Well, listen. Father Flanagan recently gave a very interesting speech on the A. C. L. L. program. He is a grand priest and a swell fellow and he was doubtless pleased to hear that you fellows made many inquiries about tickets for his lecture. That's very encouraging and the way it should be. But look! with all due respect and good wishes to Father Flanagan, we want to ask you right now why you should be uninterested in other lecturers in comparison to him. You saw the movie, "Boystown," didn't you? It was a grand show. So you learned about Fr. Flanagan, and when you could actually meet him you were quick to seize the opportunity. That's splendid. But does that mean that if you can meet people in the movies, you know them; but that if they are prominent in other fields you are forever ignorant of them? Don't you ever read books? Aren't you up on world events? Are your intellectual pursuits no higher or more prolonged than those of your factory worker neighbor. Are you a college man or a mouse? And we don't mean a field mouse. They're smart.

Little Action is in Prospect for the Month Ahead

Literary Society Revival, Lecture League's Activities May Help

As far as we can see, we will have nothing to do but play chess, study, and watch basketball games for the next month. Perhaps a few of us will attend the Lecture League presentations, but they are only two in number. Otherwise, extra-curricular activities are dead as the proverbial doornail.

In order to prevent this calamity, we suggest that the Literary Society be rescusitated, and a few lively meetings held. How about it, Don? A nice little githerin' at which we can discuss the five-cent bus fare, or something, ought to attract a few customers. All weapons to be left at the door.

The Lecture League program, of which we spoke above, will present F. J. Sheed of England in a speech, entitled, "Education on Trial." This should be especially interesting to Third Year Men, and Ontology studes. This tid-bit comes up on Feb. 26. We trust that anyone who heard Mr. Sheed's discourses on Marxism will be there with bells and rattles on. On March 19, Sister M. Madeleva will discuss "Frontiers of Poetry." All our literature students should be interested in this, especially those in English 42, who quoted Sister Madeleva extensively in their essays on "Perl" last term.

As we have said, the future looks dull. As for us, we're going out and try to trap a new sports' editor.

Master of Drama

(Continued from Page 5)

denly, a weird and terrific laugh. Blood clots appear, hair stands up, goose pimples are born—it is Chauvin, The Mad Monk of the Club Room, collecting a fine from Merlo. Overcome by success, Chauvin has to be led away in a straight jacket, breaks his leg and is shot. Sic semper tyrranis!

Frank Murphy gurgles, "Guess what Fr. Lee told me about English 40," but is met by shouts of "Shut up," and is thrown through the ceiling. "In Economics class . . ." begins John Philp, but he is immediately kicked to death by Eansor, Carson, and Cassidy.

Stephani glides in at this moment, like a woodland

more for President." Seventeen irate students (sic), urged on by the ghost of Blackmore, cut out his tongue and present it to Mr. Woods for the lunch room.

Suddenly, the nine o'clock bell rings out, and there is a rush to class. Books, tables, chairs, and all students under 180 ponds are crushed underfoot in the mad rush to rooms. All but Flood, who is still trying to condense Plato and Aristotle into a 1000-word essay.

N.B. All characters in this narrative are purely fictional, and any reference to any real persons, living or dead, is purely accidental, and was intended by neither the author nor The